

Nihil Obstat

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Censor Dep.

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✠ EDUARDUS J. BYRNE,
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PASSIONIST



ALMANAC

JUNE

1937

DATE	FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1 Tues.	6th day in Octave of Corpus Christi.	
2 Wed.	7th day in Octave of Corpus Christi.	
3 Thurs.	Octave of Corpus Christi.	Conf. Thomas (Murphy), C.P.—1886.
4 Fri.	THE MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS.	Bro. Pius (Ward), C.P.—1909.
5 Sat.	The Most Pure Heart of Mary.	Rev. Fr. Gregory (Byrne), C.P.—1934.
6 SUN.	✠SUNDAY within Oct. of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.	
7 Mon.	Monday " " "	Rev. Fr. George (Martucci), C.P.—1883.
8 Tues.	Tuesday " " "	
9 Wed.	Wednesday " " "	
10 Thurs.	St. Margaret, Queen, W. "	Conf. Joseph (Bannon), C.P.—1882.
11 Fri.	Octave of Sacred Heart of Jesus.	
12 Sat.	St. John of S. Facundo, C.	
13 SUN.	✠4th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	Rev. Fr. Edmund (McIntyre), C.P.—1921.
14 Mon.	St. Basil the Great, B.C.D.	Rev. Fr. Damian (Arnold), C.P.—1914.
15 Tues.	SS. Vitus and Comp., MM.	
16 Wed.	Feria.	Rev. Fr. Fabian (Madden), C.P.—1918.
17 Thurs.	Feria.	Bro. Austin (Wills), C.P.—1923.
18 Fri.	St. Ephrem, C.D.	
19 Sat.	St. Juliana, V.	
20 SUN.	✠5th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	Rev. Fr. Sylvester (McManus), C.P.—1902.
21 Mon.	St. Aloysius Gonzaga, C.	Rev. Fr. Frederick (Heffernan), C.P.—1911.
22 Tues.	St. Paulinus, B.C.	Conf. Denis (Pearson), C.P.—1888.
23 Wed.	Vigil of St. John the Baptist.	
24 Thurs.	NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.	Conf. Henry (Conery), C.P.—1890.
25 Fri.	St. William, Abbot.	
26 Sat.	SS. John and Paul, M.M.	Rev. Fr. Louis (Irwin), C.P.—1904.
27 SUN.	✠6th SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.	
28 Mon.	St. Irenaeus, B.M.	
29 Tues.	✠SS. PETER AND PAUL, App. H.O.	
30 Wed.	Commemoration of St. Paul, Ap.	

Abbreviations : H.O.—Holiday of Obligation. Ap.—Apostle. M.—Martyr. B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor.
D.—Doctor. V.—Virgin. W.—Widow.

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PASSIONIST NOTES AND NEWS, QUESTION BOX,
BOOK REVIEWS, GUILD OF ST. GABRIEL.



The Sacred Heart of Jesus

(Feast : June 4th)

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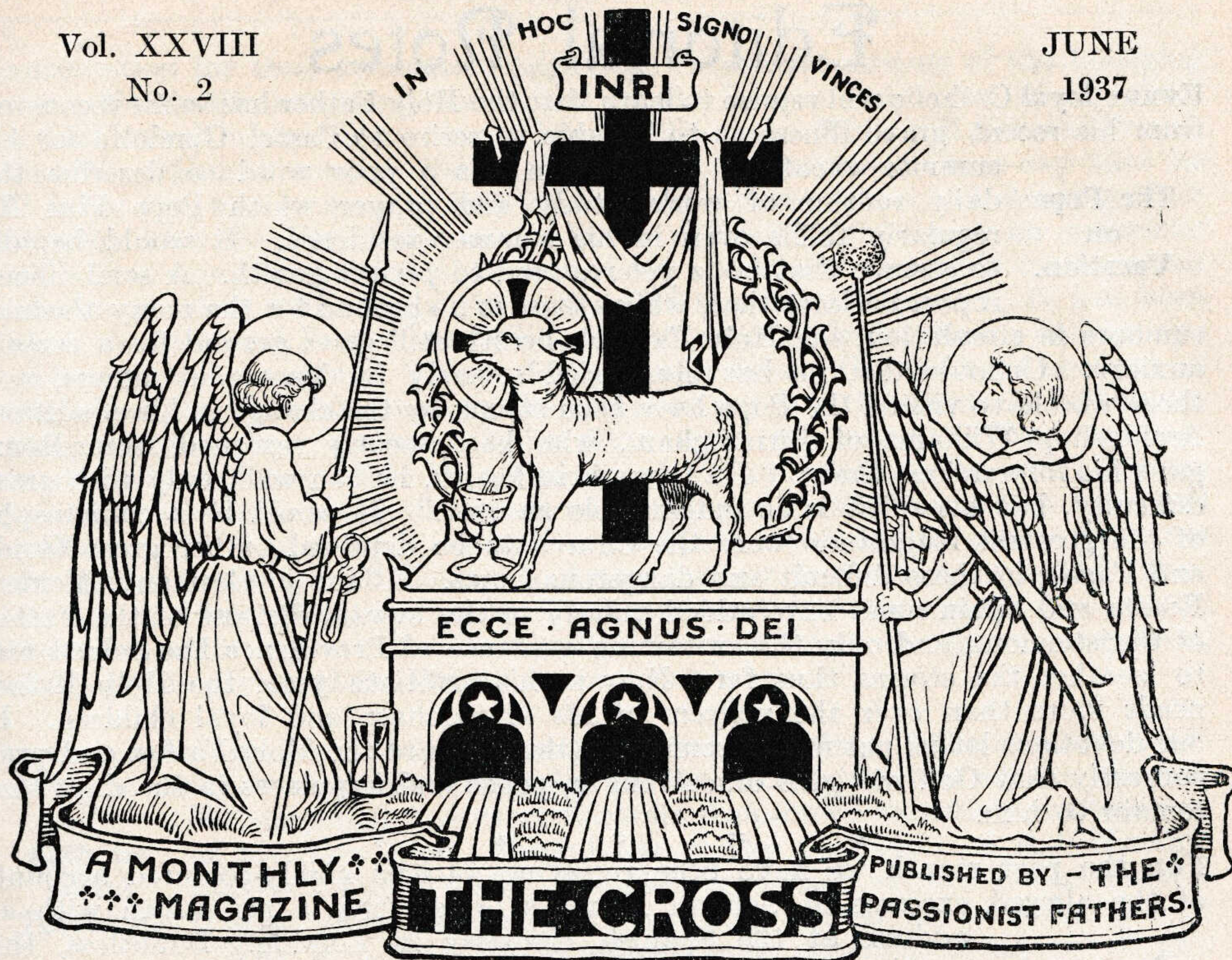
To the Sacred Head

Oh Wisdom of the Sacred Head
 Guide us in all our ways
 Be Thou our Counsellor and Help
 Thro' anxious nights and days.

The world, forgetting Thee, has found
 Itself in sore distress
 Oh would that men would ask of Thee
 Their every thought to bless.

Oh ! Holy Head, once Crowned with thorns,
 Direct each act of ours
 So that our lives may soon become
 As perfume from sweet flowers.

JOSEPHINE S. McKENNA.



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Reaction from the Left

The general trend of human thought, considered from the strictly historical viewpoint, has swung with pendulum-like regularity from one side to the other. Each time that it has veered towards radical or left-wing ideals it has come back again to normal and has then passed over even to extreme reaction. The movement is historically inevitable, for it is rooted in a basic virtue of human nature, which bids mankind to avoid excess. Signs are not wanting that the reaction from the left has already begun, and the movement is gathering momentum every day.

We look forward with confidence to the day when our young radicals will be as hopelessly out-of-date as those who preceded them. The once powerful eighteenth-century agnosticism, the fashionable liberalism of the nineteenth century have already taken their place in the museum of historical curiosities. It will be the same with the current twentieth-century radical movement, with its dreary materialism, its left-wing proletarian enthusiasm, its Bohemian revolt against the vested traditions of the race, its pathetic rejection of the primacy of the spiritual.

To any impartial enquirer—we refer, of course, to those outside the fold of the Faith—it is already obvious that all truth neither began nor ended with a stodgy, pessimistic and dreary Victorian named Marx ; that the philosophy of dialectical materialism is proving to be but a shabby fraud ; that the millennium promised by the so-called “ progressive thinkers ” is but a Utopian ideal ; and that there are other and better solutions for the alleviation of human misery than that arch-deception called Communism, which in the name of freedom and liberty foists the most unbridled and tyrannical despotism upon the deluded multitude. These things the Catholic has known all along. It must be our practical duty now to spread that knowledge, and to lend a helping hand to those who are now striving to find their way from darkness to light.

J. Edmund, C.P.

Editorial Notes

EVERY loyal Catholic will rejoice to learn that the Holy Father has so far recovered from his recent grave illness as to be able to retire to Castel Gandolfo for his summer vacation. "Vacation" is a poor word to describe the daily routine of work, study and prayer which Pope Pius XI regularly fulfils even in his summer residence. It would be idle to assume that he is yet restored to perfect health. A semi-official report declares that, whilst there is no ground for the many alarmist rumours in circulation, the Holy Father's health still gives ground for a certain anxiety. Undoubtedly, he has been tried severely by his recent illness, and those who have visited the Pope have been struck by the change in his condition. Archbishop Williams of Birmingham, who has recently returned from Rome gave his impressions thus: "He is weak in health, he can walk only with great difficulty, but his spirit is as indomitable as ever." It would be a catastrophe of the greatest magnitude were the Church to be deprived of her great Guide and Pastor in these difficult and dangerous times. Affairs in Germany, Mexico, Russia and Spain must have added greatly to the mental distress of the Father of Christendom, and only the sustaining guidance of Providence has helped him to weather the storms thus far. Now in his eightieth year, the Holy Father needs more than ever the prayers of his affectionate and loyal children. In our devotions let us not fail to remember the needs of the Holy Father and pray earnestly that God will give him strength, peace and happiness in the days that remain to him.

* * * * *

FOR the past month we have been receiving various highly-coloured accounts of the alleged excesses of General Franco's forces from a gentleman with an address at the Spanish Embassy in London. Doubtless, this worthy propagandist has such faith in the gullibility of the average man that he imagines that his concocted fairy-tales will be accepted without question. Alas for his hopes: we have better means of checking-up upon information from Spain, and we have no need to rely upon the propagandist activities of the guests of the Spanish Embassy. Few tales received more credence than the alleged massacre at Badajoz after its capture by General Franco's troops. It now turns out that no such massacre took place at all! Major Geoffrey McNeill Moss has dealt a death-blow at that propagandist tale by searching out the source of the stories. He reveals his results in the course of his book *The Epic of the Alcazar*. Three newspaper reports form the slender foundation for a superstructure of calumny and exaggeration. One of these appeared in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, credited to Mr. N. Reynolds Packard. But Mr. Packard has stated that he was never in Badajoz, and has complained that "mysterious messages" appearing under his name were sent from places which he had not even visited. The other two accounts were written by men who made a day's excursion to Badajoz after it had been captured by the Nationalists. In the same way, the most contradictory accounts have appeared regarding the destruction of the Basque town of Guernica. Some alleged eye-witnesses have asserted that the sky was "black with aeroplanes," yet no airman can be found to state categorically that his plane took part in the air-raid, and General Franco positively asserts that there was no such raid. Isn't it obvious that news from Spain should be read with the utmost caution?

* * * * *

IN the midst of so many tendentious stories, it is extremely difficult to get at the real truth. But the varying fortunes of the war have so far favoured General Franco's forces. He has scored several major and many minor victories and has nowhere met with serious defeat. The apparent win deadlock at the gates of Madrid is probably due to the Spanish leader's avowed desire to spare the non-combatants as much as possible. Within the walls of Madrid, still groaning under the yoke of Red terrorism, are thousands of Spaniards loyal to the Nationalist cause.

Consideration for their unenviable plight has stayed the assault of the besieging army. Meanwhile attention has shifted to the Basque front once more, where the final assault upon Bilbao cannot long be delayed. What will General Franco do next? Opinions seem to be divided upon the subject. Some say that he will bring the war to a victorious conclusion; others, whilst not denying their sympathy with the Nationalist cause, find it difficult to take such an optimistic view. The many allegations that have been spread far and wide incline some Catholics to view suspiciously the actions of the Spanish leader. It has been alleged that General Franco, as well as his fellow-generals Cabellanas and Quiapo de Llano are Freemasons. This is demonstrably false. He has been accused of being a Fascist—the ultimate sin in the eyes of all radicals. Fr. Amancio Rodriguez, writing to *The Sign* throws a fuller light upon the matter: “Franco never was, nor is he now nor will he be, a Fascist. He is a patriotic leader who measures up to the standards of any champion of liberty and civilisation at any time and anywhere. There is a racial instinct in the Spanish people that selects for them their guides in times of difficulty, and this instinct has never yet failed them. It is the instinct that gave them Ferdinand and Isabella against the Moors, John of Austria against the Turks, Palafox and Castanos against Napoleon, and to-day is giving them Franco against Communism.”

* * * * *

SOME months ago we stressed the urgent need for every Catholic without exception to have a thorough knowledge of the social doctrines of the Church.

We suggested that every Catholic should read and study the teaching of the two great Encyclicals “The Condition of the Working Classes” (1891) and “The Reconstruction of the Social Order” (1931). Some readers have now approached us with the query:

“Why is it that we so seldom hear anything about the Pope’s Encyclicals in the church? How can we carry out the Holy Father’s programme, if it is not presented and explained to us?” To our certain knowledge these Encyclicals have been presented and explained to the people in many Dublin churches. Likewise, at study-clubs and similar gatherings, lectures have been given and discussions inaugurated upon these and kindred topics. This is all to the good, but the movement must be extended and made more intensive.

Our people need right now the positive, constructive doctrine of the Church in labour, capitalism, trade unions, class-war and other allied subjects. Are we going to give it to them—or shall we bring upon ourselves the condemnation that “the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light?” The Popes have repeatedly declared that the apostles of the working-men must themselves be workers. Our Catholic workers are capable of carrying what they read and what they hear into their factories and workshops. They can become still more active in spreading the sane, political programme of Catholic social justice instead of being tamely victimized by the active agents of Communism.

* * * * *

WE have had self-appointed Commissions of Inquiry solemnly perambulating various parts of the world to poke their noses into all sorts of alleged atrocities.

But the composition of most of these “Commissions” has been of a distinctly leftist or radical tendency, where it has not been blatantly “Red”; and one country has always been exempt from their investigations—the so-called “workers’ paradise” of the U.S.S.R. It is high time that someone suggested an

International Commission of Inquiry for Russia, composed, not of ignorant nincompoops or superficial publicists, but of men and women who know the Russian language, and who have an established reputation for honesty and impartiality. The revelations of Andrew Smith in his well-known book *I was a*

**Tell us
the truth
about Russia!**

Soviet Worker reveal an incredible and intolerable despotism. The extracts now being published in the *Irish Independent* throw a strange and lurid light upon the real Russia. It is not too much to say that the whole of that mighty continent has been transformed into one huge convict prison. Behind the exterior show, sedulously limelighted for the benefit of credulous tourists, there is the rankest tyranny. The well-oiled machine of Red propaganda tries to keep the facts from the light of day. But truth is mighty and will prevail! It is estimated that 20,000,000 lives have been lost by famine or the sword since Russia became a Soviet State; and that 10,000,000 Russians are to-day suffering in concentration camps, deportation areas or convict prisons. Let a Commission of Inquiry go to Russia with full liberty to question anyone anywhere, and not in the presence of Soviet agents. Let them be given the right to visit the concentration camps and the forced-labour camps. Let them take and publish any photos they may wish to have. If the Soviet has nothing to hide, what have they to fear? Tear away the veil from Moscow! Tell us the truth about Russia.

* * * * *

WITH the coming of the summer season our various coast-resorts will probably be busily engaged in preparing programmes of events for the entertainment of visitors from far and near. We trust that none of them will

Vulgar be so misguided as to pander to one of the crazes of the day by **Exhibitionism**, organising so-called "beauty exhibitions." Such vulgar exhibitions are one of the familiar portents of the day, and have nothing to be said in their favour. We are only too familiar with the much-boasted and widely-publicised "beauty competitions," which exist only to exploit a deplorable public taste, and which reflect small credit upon the organisers, the spectators or the participants. The sad ending of the careers of some of those who have gained a short-lived notoriety through "beauty competitions" is a sufficient indication of the dangers, both mental and moral, attendant upon such exhibitions. The *Catholic Universe* of Cleveland, Ohio, gives prominence to an outspoken expression of opinion upon this topic by a well-known American artist, James Montgomery Flagg. "From long professional experience with these so-called beauties," he declares, "I have discovered that their lives, utterances and ideals are utterly lacking in significance; externally decorative, they are inwardly a bleak and sterile vacuum. I have seen prizewinners chosen for many reasons, none of which ever included beauty. Obviously, truly beautiful girls would not enter such competitions, for a truly beautiful woman would never be so unutterably vulgar." After such scathing criticism, there is little more to be said. But we commend these words to the special attention of those whose heads are liable to be turned by the facile applause of a notoriously fickle public.

*****@*****

The Heaven of the Soul

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AMATOR CRUCIS

Before Holy Communion we must prepare the place for the Divine Guest so that the fire of love may burn more brightly. We must clear away all the rubbish, overcome self and strive to become mortified and detached :: ::

WHEN we receive Jesus in the Sacrament of His Love we receive Him as truly as Mary did when she carried Him in her holy bosom. He takes His delight to be with us. *Et deliciae meae esse cum filiis hominum.* We must prepare the place for Him so that the fire of love may catch and burn. We must clear away all the rubbish, overcome self, become mortified and detached from all that is not God. We must imitate the recollection of Mary and ask this Holy Mother to keep us in the presence of the little Infant Jesus, absorbed in Him, speaking to Him, making the silence of our soul sing to Him, telling Him our miseries, our sorrows and joys, even our distractions. We must place all in His Divine Soul so that all may be purified and we may become like unto Him, because love tends to oneness with the Beloved, love unites, and when it is the love of God it cleanses and deifies. Thus the moment when we receive Holy Communion will be a heavenly moment, our thanksgiving will pass in joy and peace.

Soeur Marie Aimée de Jesus writes: "In Holy Communion, Jesus Christ absorbs us as by the Consecration He absorbs the bread and wine: there remains nothing except their appearance. Jesus Christ is everything in us, we subsist in Him; but there is this difference that the bread and wine no longer exist, whereas we continue to exist, but so absolutely in Jesus Christ that God sees nothing in us except Jesus Christ. How powerful we are after Holy Communion to obtain everything from God! For it is no longer we who pray. And how greatly all our acts glorify God, for it is no longer we who act. . . . And who could tell the love of God towards His Son in this Sacrament and towards those who receive it with knowledge of the gift of God. . . ."

We cannot, like Our Blessed Lady, keep the Infant Jesus always with us in our soul in the same manner as He was with her after the Incarnation; when the sacramental species cease to exist He is no longer there. It is then that we must make Spiritual Communion, long for Him, call for Him, and stir up the ardour of our desire for His next visit, making Him the centre of our lives that all may converge towards Him.

It is sweet to offer Him our joys; sweet, too, to offer Him our sorrows, and to be intimately united in love with our Crucified Lord. In suffering and loving like Him we buy souls, we make up in our bodies what is wanting to the Passion of Christ. *Amor est diffusivum sui.* Love seeks to communicate itself. Love will overflow and seek tabernacles where it can rest. We shall give Love to souls. Thus living a Eucharistic life with Our Blessed Lady we shall be "Christophers," Christ-Bearers, and the reign of Christ the King will come by us and in us. We shall be apostles.

We may also contemplate the latter years of Our Blessed Lady when she had reached the culmination of her plenitude of grace through the Holy Eucharist. She lived by Jesus the Food of her soul. It is a pious tradition that the Holy Species remained always incorrupt in Mary's virginal bosom, making her continually one with Him till, dying of the ardour of her love, she was lifted up to Heaven to live this life of union for all Eternity.

St. Teresa of Lisieux conceived the idea of the inner life as a continual communion with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. It was on the Feast of the Blessed Trinity that she offered herself as a victim of Love. We can understand from the Saint's own words how she remained in the constant presence of God: "It isn't difficult, we think naturally of the one we love." And St. John of the Cross remarks that for those who love one another it is not necessary to speak; they often prefer to remain silent, and simply to feel they are in the presence of the beloved.

One day on entering the cell of the little Saint a Sister found her sewing with great dexterity and at the same time visibly plunged in prayer. "What are you doing?" the Sister asked her. "I am meditating on the 'Our Father.' It is so sweet to think and tell God that He is our Father," was the answer. And then those other words of hers: "I understand and know by experience that the Kingdom of God is within us. Jesus has no need of books and doctors of theology in order to teach our souls. For He teaches without noise of words. I have never heard Him speak but I know that He is within me, at every instant He guides and inspires me. Just when I have need of it, I perceive a light which I had never known before; it is not always at the hour of prayer that this happens, but during my daily occupations."

"If any one love Me, he will keep My Word, and My Father will love him, and We will come to him, and will make Our abode with him." *Deus meus et omnia. Tu totus in me, et ego totus in Te.* Words fail to express this life of love and praise, the life of Heaven begun here below.

In all this theory of the union of the soul with God, there is a sort of heavenly poetry, or is it not rather the music of the soul? A great musician who became a Carmelite (Mère Angélique de Jésus) writes these words: "Now it is within myself that I sing to Jesus, and I think I can say that this melody is above all the melodies of earth. At fifteen years of age, certain melodies which are called sublime—those of Beethoven, Bach, Franck, Chopin, satisfied me to a certain degree. It seemed to me that they were for Jesus like an echo of my soul. But later on when I had really come to know Jesus, oh, then I say that nothing, nothing on this earth could ever be capable of expressing what I then felt and every day I feel it more. One cannot express one's feelings to Jesus. He lives in us and we in Him. And truly I do not sing inwardly with words, all my song takes place in silence. At times I say: 'Jesus, my Love!' and my soul is ready to burst with love. I seem incapable of saying anything else. I rest in Him with ineffable suavity, with endless peace and joy . . . to which nothing on this earth can be compared. This is a real silence, because in Jesus, and only in Him, is to be found real silence and ineffable peace, so deep that it is fathomless. It is the peace of Jesus. Then with Him and in Him my soul gives forth all the sweetness and strength of its song of triumph, its melody of love in token of its gratitude. And this I repeat is ineffable. And now I have only one desire, namely to be transformed in Jesus Christ, and only one sorrow which is not to be Love itself and transform all souls in love, for it seems to me that in order to love Love, one must necessarily be Love."

When we turn to Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity we find the same teaching. The following extracts are from her writings: "If I take the chalice all purple with the Blood of my Master, and if in my thanksgivings I mingle my blood with that of the Sacred Victim, making it participate in His Infinity, it can render superb glory to the Father; then my suffering is a message which transmits to others the glory of the Eternal. In the little Heaven which He has made within my soul, I must seek Him and above all rest there. . . . Our Lord told the Samaritan woman that the Father seeks adorers in spirit and in truth. Let us adore Him in *spirit* with our heart and thoughts fixed on Him our mind full of His knowledge by the light of faith. Let us adore Him in *truth* by our works,

because it is by our deeds that we are true. . . . Also I live in continual thanksgiving united to the eternal praise which the Saints sing in Heaven. I make my apprenticeship here below. . . ." She wrote to another : " Bind yourself to the Will of the Adorable Master, look on every suffering and every joy as coming directly from Him and *your life will be a perpetual Communion* because everything will be like a sacrament which gives you God. . . . God cannot be divided. His Will is His whole being. He is whole and entire in everything and all things are, in a certain manner, an emanation of His Love. You cannot receive Him as often as you wish ; I understand your sacrifice, but remember that His Love has no need of a Sacrament in order to come to you. You can communicate with Him throughout the day as He is living in your soul. . . . Live in Him, then sacrifices and immolations all become divine."

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Passionist General Chapter

The XXXIV General Chapter of the Passionist Congregation was held during the month of May at the Retreat of SS. John and Paul, Rome. Notable absentees from the Chapter were one of the Spanish Provincials and his assistant, both of whom were slain by the Reds during the early days of the Spanish War. The three representatives of the Basque Province succeeded in running the blockade from Bilbao, and reached Rome in time to participate in the deliberations of the Chapter. The Irish Province of St. Patrick was represented at the Chapter by V. Rev. Fr. Adrian, C.P., Provincial, together with V. Rev. Fr. Kieran, C.P., and V. Rev. Fr. Colman, C.P., Provincial Consultors.

The Capitular Fathers have elected as General of the Congregation **Most Rev. Fr. Titus (Cerroni) of St. Paul of the Cross.**

The new Father General was born at Pisoniano, Rome, on May 8th, 1883, and entered the Passionist Congregation in 1899. He pursued his ecclesiastical studies at the Passionist International College, SS. John and Paul, Rome, and was raised to the priesthood in December, 1905. Having acted as Superior in various houses of the Addolorata Province, he was elected Procurator-General of the Congregation in 1925, which office he has filled with notable success for the past twelve years. A noted canonist, Fr. Titus acted as Professor of Canon Law at SS. John and Paul for many years. During the Great War he volunteered his services as military chaplain and was attached to the Addolorata Hospital on the Coelian Hill, not far from the Mother-house of the Passionists.

In such esteem is he held in Rome as a priest of solid virtue and extraordinary ability that he has been entrusted by the Holy See with many important commissions and canonical visitations in many parts of Italy. During his tenure of office as Procurator-General he has also acted as Consultor for the Congregation of Religious and for the Congregation of the Consistory. In this latter important position he has discharged his delicate duties with unflinching tact and with consummate prudence.

The following have been elected as members of the General Curia for the coming six years :—

First Consultor-General :—Very Rev. Fr. Innocent (Canoura) of the Immaculate Conception. (Spanish Province of the Precious Blood).

Second Consultor-General : Very Rev. Fr. Bonaventure (Oberst) of the Assumption (American Province of Holy Cross).

Third Consultor-General : Very Rev. Fr. Joachim (Destang) of the Immaculate Conception (French Province of St. Michael Archangel).

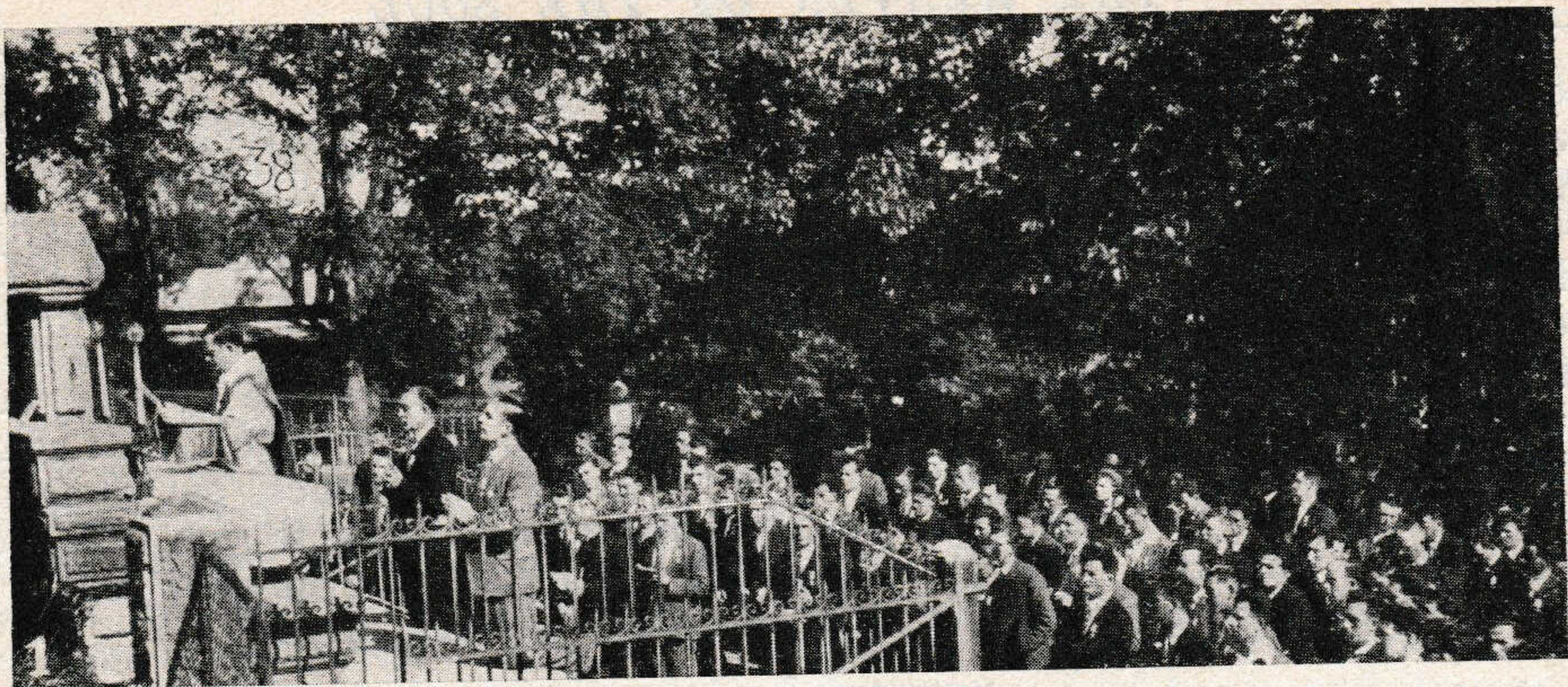
Fourth Consultor-General : Very Rev. Fr. Marrianus (Bonanni) of Our Lady of the Rosary (Italian Province of Our Lady of Sorrows).

Procurator-General : Very Rev. Fr. Maurus (Liberati) of Mary Immaculate (Italian Province of the Presentation).

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Support Catholic Papers

By only reading secular papers and magazines, Catholics are imbibing very hazy and often entirely wrong impressions of Catholic events. This tends to make them lukewarm and eventually indifferent to their religion. Catholics should read Catholic books and take in a Catholic paper. In these days of widespread education all must be equipped to defend the rights of the Church and to fight against the atheism and immorality which are so common in present-day literature. Religious instruction which is imparted in schools and colleges is not sufficient to enlighten Catholics on problems that are to be met in daily life. It is only assiduous reading of Catholic literature and a strong support of the Catholic press that will enable Catholics effectually to defend their Faith and imbibe the antidote to the dangers of losing their religion.



OPEN-AIR MASS AT THE TWELFTH STATION, LOURDES.

At Work in Lourdes

ooooooooooooo © oooooooooooooo

KATHERINE L. EDGERLY

There is almost a palpable flame of prayer rising from that steadily moving line that curves around the flickering candles in the great stand below the Grotto, and comes out from the open gate at the other side. And this is only one of the many manifestations of the spiritual at Lourdes :: :: ::

THE country around the Pyrenees is very calm and lovely. The mountains loom high and purple and the deep valleys are cut up into little story-book farms, each complete with its small farm-house and tiny barn.

Here and there on the hillside a farmer is leisurely drawing a yoke of "crooked-horned, swing-paced" oxen over slow, unhurried furrows. No one seems to be doing very much; there doesn't seem to be much to do.

The toy-like train draws into the station, and we enter a decrepit taxi and make our faltering way to the hotel where Madame, a huge wart between her eyebrows, is always ready for a chat. When dinner is ready the maid comes to the bedroom door to announce it, and in a leisurely hour and a half, we are finished.

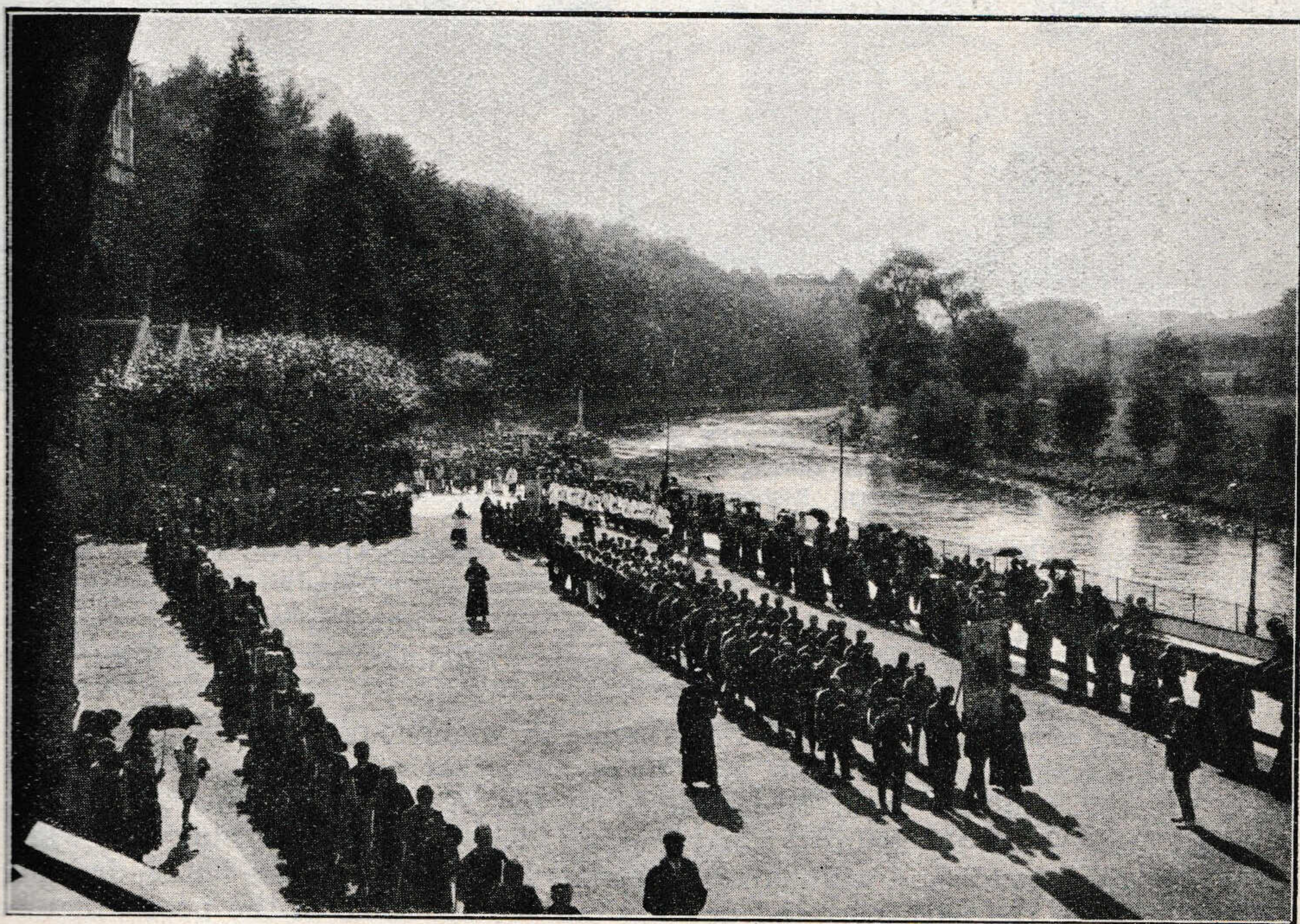
The little shops on each side of the gently winding street seem to be half asleep, and rather resentful of any interruption. The old ladies sitting outside the gates, with their quaint little formal bouquets of compact rows of blue and white flowers, with *Ave Maria* pricked across the tops with black pins, seem loath to disturb themselves under their huge parasols.

But, inside the gates, at the Grotto of Lourdes, the impression is so totally different as to be startling. Never in my life have I seen such an intensity of work, of hard labour, mental and physical. The immense crowds, all with a purpose, hurry past the beautiful statues in their eagerness to reach the Grotto. In the church Mass is going on at every altar, one beginning as the other finishes—an endless stream of praise. Every kneeling bench has its occupant, with ten waiting for it as soon as it is empty. Outside, down the great, curving, shallow steps, the pilgrims course, singing, praying, hurrying. Down at the Grotto itself there is a huge crowd of people praying, praying, praying with arms outstretched in the form of a cross, with eyes uplifted in the intensity of their orisons.

The priest in the outdoor pulpit is preaching with such fervour that great drops of sweat roll down into his eyes, only to be dashed off with impatient fingers. His voice, hoarser and hoarser, breaks, but he goes whispering on, imploring, imploring.

The congregation straining forward in their seats listen intently, their eyes upraised, their lips parted. Through the gates of the Grotto an unceasing procession passes, every one in it sliding a rosary between the fingers of the left hand as his right hand reverently and lovingly touches the granite rock, worn smooth and shining by millions of groping, loving, faltering, hoping, despairing fingers.

There is almost a palpable flame of prayer rising from that steadily moving line that curves around the flickering candles in the great stand and out the open gate at the other side.



PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Passing along the bank of the Gave between the Grotto and Rosary Square.

The huge candle in the centre melts slowly while the small ones below it, tied in bundles of a dozen pour their wax into the receptacle below. Soon men come with shovels and, bending and straightening rhythmically, pour the hardened wax into barrels. Even this is not a utilitarian gesture, but an act of devotion, for it is but to make way for more candles, each a prayer.

Outside the Grotto, there is a flagged depression leading to the baths. On it are row after row of stretchers on wheels and row after row of sufferers. They lie there with their poor paralyzed legs dangling, their cancerous face bound in spotless cloths, their sightless eyes staring ahead. Their lips move in silent prayer, or they respond to the litanies which the priests, standing among them, recite aloud.



BLESSING THE SICK AT LOURDES.

A picture taken during a former Irish National Pilgrimage.
Most Rev. Dr. Mulhern, Bishop of Dromore, is bearing the Monstrance.

mercy on us," the spectators standing rows deep outside the iron fence, cry out deeply, tearfully, reverently: "Lord, have mercy on us." The handsome peasant, carrying harness over his shoulders, booms out his petition; the old bowed peasant woman with her gnarled hands folded for once in her lap, murmurs softly, "Lord, Lord."

Crowding around the stretchers are men and women, pouring themselves out in actual physical labour. The men have harnesses over their shoulders and they lift the sufferers from their chairs to the stretchers; gently, tenderly, lovingly, they bear the pain-tortured bodies. The women wear blue and white veils over their heads and white all-over aprons; they serve in the baths, dressing and undressing the patients—and one has only to see some of the poor sufferers to realize how akin these voluntary nurses are to Him Who cleansed the lepers.

One of the patients sits in her wheel chair, the tears streaming down her face. She cannot straighten her elbows or her knees and she screams aloud as the stretcher-bearers lift her to a stretcher. They lower her by imperceptible degrees and she bites her lips; she cannot clench her hands. Gently, slowly, they wheel her to the curtains before the bath, where a stout woman, evidently a housewife of the town giving of her time and energy, takes the handle and pulls the wagon inside.

Another is lifted from her chair on to the stretcher. A slightly lame man who is volunteering his services in thanksgiving for his own cure, pulls it forward towards the curtains. Before he reaches them, we hear the same heart-rending screams, and know that the women inside are lowering the paralyzed woman into the healing waters. The others—invalids—patiently awaiting their turns, redouble their prayers, their lips moving, their rosaries slipping through their fingers. Not only for themselves do they pray; these poor broken beings—

most of them poorly dressed—are pouring out their whole souls for Her who is within. Soon the curtains part and the motherly woman pushes the stretcher out. The invalid who went in with tear-stained face and bitten lips comes out, a most beatific smile on her face; whether or not she is cured, she is happier. The stretcher-bearers hurry to her side and bend gently over her; they lift her slowly to the chair, solicitously murmuring inquiries; she nods and smiles, and nodding and smiling is pushed off up the runway. We are ashamed, we who stand there, insolent in our health, prosperous enough to include Lourdes incidentally in a longer European trip—ashamed before her humble joy.

Now the crowd surges slowly towards the Grotto, double lines are formed and presently the bishop, wrapped in a heavy cope, the canopy only adding to the suffocating heat, comes with the Sacred Host from the Grotto Altar; slowly he walks back to the great square in front of the church where the stretchers with the sick are drawn up in rows, four deep.

The spectators, behind them, pray unceasingly; under a blazing afternoon sun, the bishop, his heavy vestments swathed around him, works and works tremendously. He bends over every one of those sufferers, touching each with the Monstrance, giving his blessing as he bends. An enormous piece of actual physical work; the mental strain is too much to be contemplated. Then in the twilight, the pilgrims wearily make their way up the hill—some of them to the charming hotels, by far the greater number to little pensions where they are crowded into tiny rooms, for most of these people are poor. This trip represents to some of them years of saving; to others, even poorer, it represents the charity of some thankful person who, cured, has contributed to the fund for providing free trips to that most blessed, saddest and happiest spot, Lourdes.

Near the Grotto, in the deepening shadow, sits a figure which is typical of the place. An old French priest, too tired to move, sits on a rock near the statue, gazing up at it. His elbow rests on his knee and his chin is cupped in his hand. Two fingers of his other hand keep his place in his breviary. His cassock is a weather-beaten green, except for a great black, square patch in front, which reaches from the hem to the knee, set in with tiny stitches. His brogans, with inch thick soles, are grey with dust. His has been no life of cloistered contemplation or literary ease. He has trudged across the furrowed fields in summer and through icy storms in winter to minister to his scattered flock; he has shared his frugal means with those less fortunate even than himself—he has *worked*.

But here he sits alone, dusty, weary but beatifically happy to be there with Her who appeared to a little village maid, just such a one as he has known all his life, to bring health and healing to the world.

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Statement by An Rioghacht on the Draft Constitution

Since one of the aims of *An Rioghacht* is to strive for the effective recognition of Catholic Social Principles in Irish public life the *Ard Comhairle* desire to express satisfaction at the noteworthy manner in which basic Catholic principles are recognised in the Draft Constitution now published. Especially do we rejoice at the noble Preamble.

We recognise that the Articles dealing with Personal Rights, The Family, Education, Private Property, and Religion, are in general accord with Catholic teaching, and we applaud the emphasis placed on the Family as the fundamental unit in Society. In addition, we note that provision is made for the Vocational Groups so insistently urged by the present Holy Father as the basis of stable order in Society, not only in his Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*, but also in his recent Encyclical *Divini Redemptoris*.

BRIAN J. McCAFFERY, *President*,
P. E. MALONEY, *Secretary*.

The Pope who Abdicated

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In the annals of the Saints there is no more extraordinary life than that of Pietro di Murrone who became Pope Celestine V. He is the only Pope who spontaneously stepped from his high position and freely abdicated the office which none disputed with him :: ::
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IN the annals of the Saints there is no more extraordinary life, and none, perhaps, so little known as that of Pietro di Murrone, who became Pope Celestine V. His was a life possessing qualities which naturally attract attention. Everything about it was exceptional, so much so indeed, that the extraordinary became almost ordinary. In spite of this, the obscurity which the Saint craved for during life, seems to have sought out his memory, and left him in death, forgotten.

He is the only man, who from being a simple monk and hermit was suddenly elevated to the Papacy. He is the only Pope who spontaneously stepped from his high position and freely abdicated the office which none disputed with him. As a miracle worker, few of the saints equal and none surpass him. Yet history so lavish in reminiscences and records, has in his case, been curiously negligent.

St. Peter Celestine was born in 1215, in the town of Isneria, in the Province of the Abruzzi, in Italy. His father's name was Angevin, his mother's Mary. They had a family of twelve children, Peter being the eleventh. His father died when Peter was young, and the boy grew up among the herds and the flocks, in the midst of fields, far from the city's turmoil. When he reached the age his mother decided to send him to school, instead of her second son, who had no inclination for learning. Her friends tried to dissuade her from her resolution—quite senseless in their opinion. Opposition only disappeared after her husband had appeared to one of her neighbours and begged him to confirm her in her resolution.

As for Peter, he grew up in silence and study, and without suspecting it, became a saint. Sometimes, while at his prayers, he received the visit of a saint or an angel or the Blessed Virgin, and it caused him no surprise. His love of solitude led him first into the wilderness of Monte Morone; later he passed to the desert of Majella. He took for his model St. John the Baptist. His hair-cloth was roughened with knots; he wore an iron chain about his emaciated frame; he fasted every day, except Sunday; the entire day and the greater part of the night he spent in prayer and labour. In the meantime the report of his sanctity grew abroad, and its growth brought disturbance to his beloved solitude. Kindred spirits flocked around him, anxious to imitate his mode of life, and before his death, there were thirty-six monasteries, numbering 600 religious, under his rule. The Order was approved as a branch of the Benedictines by Urban IV in 1264, and was called after his Papal name, the Celestines. In 1284, weary of the cares of government, he appointed one of his monks as his vicar, and hastened alone to the depths of the wilderness. But the wilderness ceased to be a wilderness once he arrived there, and soon he returned to Morone, out of consideration for those who came to beg his help. For in the most remote places he could not escape the crowds which followed him.

At this time the Apostolic See had been vacant for two years and three months. The conclave assembled at Perugia had little prospect of agreeing upon the choice of a candidate. When the situation seemed hopeless, the name of one man seemed to rise simultaneously in the hearts and to the lips of every cardinal

in the assembly, and contrary to all expectation and all precedent, Pietro di Murrone was acclaimed Pope.

Peter, in the meantime, continued his ordinary routine of life, knowing nothing, caring nothing about the happenings in the great world which lay at the mountain foot. On a July day of 1294, however, Peter was brought to a swift realization that something unusual was afoot. Three cardinals, accompanied by an immense crowd of monks and laymen were seen ascending the mountain. When they reached the top their spokesman demanded Peter's presence. And when he was reluctantly dragged forth from his little cell, they announced his unanimous election to the See of Rome and humbly begged him to accept the honour. Peter listened with tears running down his cheeks, his simple soul was sorely perplexed. Flight was impossible: for when his election became known, people flocked in crowds up the mountain, and at the moment some 200,000 people were pressing around him. He did not refuse, he asked time for prayer and consideration. After a brief withdrawal he returned and murmured his submission to what appeared clearly to him the Will of God. He sacrificed his personal inclinations for the common good, and set forth from his life of prayer and seclusion to the exacting claims of the Papal Court.

The new Pope was crowned on the Feast of St. John the Baptist, the saint of his predilection. He threw himself at once into his newly-found duties. He held consistories, he created cardinals, he allotted benefices, he governed and submitted to all the honours of government. Nevertheless he was ill at ease. His position demanded unceasing attention to affairs which could not be lightly set aside. His exercises of piety suffered in consequence, and that was no small matter to Peter. The voice of the desert called him; try as he would, he could never feel at home amid the tumult of worldly honours.

What was he to do? Should he lay down the burden which he felt he was unequal to bear? He sought counsel. The more interior light a man has the more he distrusts himself. Opinions were divided, and perhaps not disinterested. But the call of the cloister was becoming more insistent in the depths of Peter's soul. Still he waited and still he prayed. The intention of the Pope to resign his high office could not long be kept secret. When the rumour got abroad the excitement it caused was intense, especially in Naples, where he was then living. A great crowd of clergy and laymen, the Archbishop of Naples at their head, came out to his home at Castel Nuovo and entreated him with tears to continue his rule. Undecided as yet in his own mind, Peter returned an evasive answer. A week later his decision was irrevocably taken. On 13th December, 1294, He summoned the cardinals, and before the assembly he made his abdication. No Pope had set him the example, and his example has never been followed.

Here are the terms in which he renounced the sovereign power:—

"I, Celestine V, Pope, urged by various legitimate reasons, by the desire for a humbler state and a more perfect life, by the fear of inculping my conscience, by the sense of my own weakness and incapacity, considering also the malice of men and my own infirmities, desiring the peace and the spiritual consolations that I enjoyed before my elevation.

"I freely and of my own desire renounce the sovereign Pontificate and abandon the dignities and offices attached thereto.

"I confer from this moment full powers on the College of Cardinals to elect by canonical means and by those alone, a shepherd for the universal Church."

Peter read this abdication before the assembled cardinals, and it was known as "The Great Refusal." He then went on his knees and begged leave to withdraw. Weeping, the cardinals granted his request. The curtain fell upon as noble a drama as was ever seen by the eyes of men.

Celestine V became Peter di Murrone again. He passed out from Castel Nuovo, working miracles on his way. He fled, and in his flight cured a paralytic girl.

Two years longer he lived before the end—two years of penance and prayer. He died in 1296, and was canonized by Clement V in 1313.

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The Menace of Socialism

For the benefit of the Irish Catholic Workers the following information is issued by the Aquinas Study Circle, Waterford. The proofs that the **International Federation of Trade Unions**, to which the Irish Labour Congress voted affiliation last year, is **Socialist** and **anti-Christian** are abundant. The evidence which follows is taken from that body's official publication—*The International Trade Review*.

1. THE ENEMY.

The I.F.T.U. is bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church, and more especially to the Holy Father. It has made no secret of its condemnation of the Papal Encyclicals because of their opposition to Socialism. "**Pope Pius XI**," it declares, "**is still more an enemy of the Workers than was Pope Leo XIII**" (Jan.-April, 1934).

2. THE SCHOOLS.

It is very frank in its international programme of education. It declares for the complete secularisation of Schools. That would mean, in Ireland, that the teaching of religion would be banned and religious bodies such as Christian Brothers and Nuns suppressed. This programme was fully approved at the International Congress of the I.F.T.U. at Brussels in 1933 (Aug.-Dec., 1934).

3. REVOLUTION.

It is openly revolutionary in character. It advocates militant Socialism, "which in spite of all reverses and all obstacles will be victorious, nevertheless, and will conquer the whole world" (*ibid.*). It calls on the workers to "give expression to their determination to wrest the power from the master class through ever-growing organisation, either by methods sanctioned by law or otherwise" (Feb.-March, 1934).

4. PRIVATE PROPERTY.

It denies the right of Private Property. It constantly speaks of its purpose to socialise all the means of production (*passim*). Of this socialisation it says:—"It is superfluous for our International to specify it, since it is an inherent part of our whole system and a logical inference from the principle of class conflict" (1924, page 308).

5. CLASS WAR.

It advocates class war as a means to the Socialist conquest of the world. Its Secretary, Mr. Oudegeest, declared that their "chief task is the waging of class war" (1924, page 308).

6. COMMUNISM.

Its attitude to Russian Communism is also quite apparent. It declares openly in its resolutions that it is open to the Russian-Communist organisations. Oudegeest writes as Secretary—"During the whole life-time of the International Federation of Trade Unions the Committee of Management has persistently attempted to support the Russian Revolution" (1932, page 141).

7. SOCIALISM.

All the Continental leaders of the I.F.T.U. are leading Socialists in their own countries, and they make no secret of the fact that the International itself is also Socialist. A resolution of the Brussels Congress in 1933 states quite openly that its "ultimate goal is a planned Socialist economic system for the supplying of human needs, since this is the only form of economic life which is worthy of man. Socialism is no longer an ideal of the future; it is a duty of the present time."

8. SOCIALIST INTERNATIONAL.

Though the I.F.T.U. is a distinct body from "The Socialist and Labour International," yet, as might be expected, it is in very close contact with it. In 1921 it took over what was the task of the latter, namely, the May-Day push for the socialisation of the means of production. Every year the two bodies hold joint meetings and issue resolutions signed by their respective heads. There are some seven such recorded for the year 1936—two of which are in favour of the Spanish Communists. The year 1934 shows a very interesting resolution in favour of "our friend Caballero."

9. MORAL DEGRADATION.

The most serious result of Irish Trade Unions' affiliation with the I.F.T.U. would be the entailed association of Irish workers with the moral degradation espoused by Continental Socialists. Egon Wertheimer, in his book, *Portrait of the Labour Party* (English Ed., Putnam, London, 1929), which has a preface by G. D. H. Cole, speaks of the cultural demands of the Socialist Labour Movement which turn on the problem of sex, prevailing marriage laws, etc., as outlined in the Heidelberg programme, and states that there is a "widespread tacit agreement in all Continental Socialist parties for a change of attitude" towards most unnatural crimes, which we refrain from mentioning.

10. THE ISSUE.

"No one can be at the same time a sincere Catholic and a true Socialist."—(Pius XI. Encyclical on Social Order).

Rev. Fr. Berchmans (Byrne) C.P.



Fr. BERCHMANS (BYRNE), C.P.

AFTER an illness of very brief duration, a well-known Irish Passionist, Rev. Fr. Berchmans (Byrne), C.P., died at St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin, on Thursday, May 13th. He had been in his usual vigorous health on the preceding Sunday, and had fulfilled his ordinary routine of Sunday duties. On the following day, he complained of a slight cold and kept to his bed; but soon his condition gave cause for anxiety and the Last Sacraments were administered. Fr. Berchmans himself realised the gravity of his illness, and faced the impending trial with remarkable resignation and fortitude. He responded to the prayers for the dying with a firm voice, and retaining consciousness almost to the end, recommended himself to the prayers of the community.

Known in the world as Robert Byrne, the late Fr. Berchmans, who had attained the age of seventy-one years, belonged to an old and much-respected Dublin family, several of whose members had entered the religious state. His uncle, the late Fr. Thomas Byrne, was parish priest of St. Audoen's, High Street; another uncle is the well-known Dublin Jesuit Fr. Vincent Byrne, whilst his brother Fr. Pancras, who died some years ago, was also a member of Mount Argus community. Having made his early studies under the Dominican Fathers at Droichead Nua, Co. Kildare, Fr. Berchmans entered the Passionist Congregation at St. Saviour's Retreat, Broadway, Wores., where he made his pro-

fession on March 17th, 1889. On the completion of his ecclesiastical studies he was ordained in September, 1894, by the late Bishop of Liverpool, Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Reilly. He had been stationed at different periods in various houses of the Congregation in England, as well as in Paris; but most of his priestly life was spent at Mount Argus.

Until advancing years forced him to curtail his activities, Fr. Berchmans was constantly engaged in giving Missions and Retreats, both in England and in Ireland. As a confessor for religious communities he was much esteemed, and many who profited by his advice, will miss his wise counsel and prudent direction. In the preparation of his sermons he took the greatest possible care, and the results were seen in the polished elegance and well-balanced construction of his discourses. As a pulpit orator he never favoured the vehement or the declamatory style, preferring to deliver his message with restrained emphasis and with a measured eloquence. Even those who failed perhaps to appreciate his rhetorical excellence, could not fail to be moved by his earnestness and to be impressed by the conviction which inspired his utterance.

Even in community life, which favours order and regularity, Father Berchmans was outstanding for his punctual discharge of the various duties of the day. Usually avoiding anything which might bring him before the notice of the public, he was a lover of retirement and solitude, and when not otherwise engaged, he was always to be found in his cell immersed in the preparation of sermon-material and in the study of spiritual books. Gifted with an urbane and gracious manner, Fr. Berchmans usually left a deep impression upon all who came in contact with him. His alert and cultured mind was well informed upon all the topics of the day, and whilst he seldom volunteered his opinions, his judgment was always marked with acuteness and intelligence.

For very many years he took the day's "duty" at Mount Argus on a Tuesday, to which during his long period of service in the community he had established almost a prescriptive right. Always placing himself at the disposal of those who sought his help, he was a kind friend to the poor and to the afflicted. He listened to their oft-times wearisome recitals with patience and affability, and sent them on their way with words of hope and encouragement. By his death the Congregation is the poorer for the loss of such a devoted member, one who was ever anxious to uphold its best traditions and to display in his own life the virtues inculcated by St. Paul of the Cross. In his devotion to the Passion, in his zeal for souls, in his faithful discharge of every duty laid upon him by holy obedience Fr. Berchmans was a model Passionist.

R.I.P.

A Crucial ~ ~ Point

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MOTHER M. ST. THOMAS

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"I came across a rather pathetic yarn to-day" said Angus Forbes. "It was about a man who lost his job—but rather than distress his family by telling them he set off from his home each morning as usual." :: :: ::  
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MARJORIE DUNDAS stood at the door to see her brother off to his work as she had done almost every morning for the last three years—ever since they had left their home in the North on the death of their parents, and Kenneth had accepted the position offered him in a London firm. She critically surveyed his overcoat as she helped him on with it.

"It's beginning to look very shabby," she declared. "You really must afford yourself a new one the soonest possible. Oh dear, it's raining in torrents again. What a mercy you'll be in the train in a few minutes and that the terminus is quite near your office."

"My dear girl, do you think I mind a little rain? . . . Here's the postman coming along. I'll just wait to see if there's anything for me."

Marjorie was the first to put out her hand as the postman opened his bag.

"Nothing but a circular," she said in disappointed tones. "Yes, it's addressed to you, and you're welcome to it."

He laughed as he thrust it into his pocket and hurried off. It was with an involuntary sigh that Marjorie closed the door after him. She half envied him going out into the busy world. An injury done to her spine in her early girlhood forbade her engaging in any more active work than that involved in the care of their little flat. The days would have seemed long if she had not found some translation work which, as she had been educated in a Convent school in France, she was well capable of undertaking. Such work would bring a little more grist to their mill, and although with careful management, Kenneth's salary sufficed to provide for ordinary everyday expenses, it allowed no margin for any extra outlay—that new overcoat, for instance. Dear Kenneth! how he grudged spending anything on himself.

The brother and sister were remarkably destitute of relations, both their parents having been only children, and they had, moreover, made scarcely any friends or acquaintances since coming to this London suburb, not feeling the need of other society than that of each other. There was always the joy of having their evenings together. There was seldom much news to relate at the end of the day on Kenneth's return from the City, but the evening of this particular day was an exception. Something really had happened, quite an important event. Marjorie greeted him with shining eyes and a bright colour on her cheeks, and she was wearing a pretty frock which she only donned on special occasions.

"Hallo, Marjorie, you look in very festive mood this evening. Are you expecting company?" said Kenneth, noticing furthermore a bunch of early spring daffodils on the table. "What does it all mean?"

"It means I am celebrating the fact of having a hero for a brother. I learnt all about it from the man whose child you snatched away from being crushed to death beneath the wheels of a motor lorry. Of course you'd never have told me. You are always so aggravatingly taciturn on anything concerning yourself."

"Go on," said Kenneth. "You seem to know more than I do."

"Perhaps that's the truth. It's quite a romance, and all owing to that rubbishy circular that came this morning. It seems that after you had disappeared in the crowd, the child's nurse had the gumption to pick up the wrapper of the circular you had flung aside when you ran to rescue her charge, who had escaped

her vigilance for a moment. I suppose it all happened during your luncheon hour."

"So the boy's father has been here, has he?"

"Yes, and wasn't it strange it should be none other than your old school-fellow, Angus Forbes!"

"Angus Forbes! What is he doing in this part of the world?"

"He's in the book trade and has come to open a new branch in London. In the meantime he's staying in an hotel in town with his little son. He hasn't been able to bear being parted from the child since the mother died. But didn't Angus call to see you at the office? That was his intention."

Kenneth looked genuinely annoyed.

"You know, Marjorie, how I hate having my private affairs thrust in on office hours. You've been very good hitherto in regarding my wishes about not writing or telephoning to me at my business address. If Angus called it must have been when I was out."

"Never mind! He said if he didn't find you he'd look us up this evening. You'd better go and furbish yourself up a bit. You look as tired and worn as if you'd been doing the work of half a dozen."

"What time are you expecting Angus?" Kenneth was about to consult his watch, then remembering he was not wearing it, he turned to the little reveille clock on the mantelpiece.

"Any moment now. Dear me! you don't look a bit hospitably inclined. It's time we saw a little more of our fellow-creatures or we shall be growing into veritable old fossils. Here he is now," and Marjorie ran to open the door.

Angus Forbes was a man about Kenneth's own age. After a cordial greeting to Marjorie he grasped his old school chum's hand with a grip which said more than many words. As the two men steadfastly scanned the depths of the other's eyes, each knew he was looking into the face of a good brave man.

"You have cosy quarters here," said the visitor presently. And he glanced with satisfaction round the room, the very simplicity of which added to its charm further enhanced by the soft radiance of lamp and fire light.

"Marjorie has the knack of making any place look homelike however small the means at her disposal," said Kenneth.

"It's easier to keep things going on a small regular income than on a larger and uncertain one," wisely remarked Marjorie. "In fact, we have much to be thankful for in these days when so many are suffering from the financial crisis, though a rise in his salary is really owing to Ken. He has stuck at his work as regularly as clockwork, never missing a day or even an hour. I believe he'd be the last to be spared from his Firm."

"Talking about that, I came across a queer, rather pathetic sort of yarn to-day," said Angus Forbes. "It concerned a man who lost his job, but rather than distress his family by a knowledge of the fact, he set off from his home each morning as usual, returning at the customary hour in the evening."

"How did he account for bringing no wages home at the end of the week?" asked the practical Marjorie.

"He managed somehow to supply for them by raking together a few shillings daily, acting as light porter, messenger, or anything that might turn up after waiting with the other down-and-outs at the labour exchange—"

"Hotbeds of Communism, those labour exchanges," growled Kenneth.

"Needless to say my man spent nothing on himself," continued Angus. "He brought home every penny he earned. As for his food, he'd sit on a bench or the embankment or elsewhere to eat his hunk of bread and cheese or whatever might be given him at some Convent door or another."

"I think his wife was a stupid woman to be taken in like that," declared Marjorie, emphatically.

"Did I tell you he had a wife? Ah, well, what do you think about it all, Ken?"

"That it might have been more sensible for him to accept the dole," returned Kenneth, leaning back lazily in his chair. He sounded half asleep.

"It was not available for his class. But the subject evidently bores you!"

"Well, at the risk of letting you think me a bit anti-social, I must say I find it a relief to be allowed to forget these acute economic problems sometimes."

"If you really want to interest Ken, talk to him about his collection of early English and Elizabethan poets," suggested Marjorie. "Our father left him the nucleus, but Ken has added to it considerably by dint of denying himself every luxury. He keeps his collection under lock and key as jealously as if he expected half the burglars in London to have their eye on it. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to bring in the supper tray. We must ask you to share a very simple meal. Ken has his real meal of the day in the City, and we both prefer something quite light in the evenings. When it is ready you can both come and carry it in for me."

No sooner had his sister closed the door behind her than Kenneth sprang to his feet and glared indignantly at his new-found friend.

"Man, what did you mean by it? I've kept the whole thing a secret from her for a year—a year to-day—and I think it would kill her to have it sprung upon her now. When I lost my job it was just after she had recovered from a serious illness which had left her heart weak, and the doctor had insisted it was urgent she should be spared any shock or worry."

"You needn't look so ferocious. It's clear as daylight that your sister hasn't the least inkling of the facts of the case. She knows that I learnt the name and address of my small son's rescuer from the wrapper of a circular you had flung aside, but she shall never learn from me that, as I may well suspect, it had served to wrap up the lordly lunch of an out-of-work man. Besides, you have a good berth now—a partnership, if you'll deign to accept it. And now, one of the first things we have to do is to get back those precious books of yours."

Anniversary—G.K.C.

Obit June 14, 1936.

*Tremendous in spirit and frame ;
Keen as a Saracen blade
Was your thought ; your swift passing has made
A void that no measure may name.*

*Champion, never in vain
In the combat : the paragon knight ;
Dragons died under your might—
Legends were living again.*

*Now living beyond the flushed field
Of strife, you have left us your screed
As a banner befitted to lead
All the hearts that still honour your shield.*

*Who shall grasp your bright sword again ?—
Your Excalibur, fit to endure
The world's cycle, as aid to ensure
That all error's dark legions be slain ?*

W. J. RANDALL.

Margaret Sinclair

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REV. JAMES F. CASSIDY



MARGARET SINCLAIR.
(1900-1925).

her mind was directed at an early age towards God. For Our Blessed Lady she developed a special love through the strict family rule of the nightly Rosary. This discipline of prayer was, indeed, so remarkable and so unusual for her neighbourhood, that it was a common subject of conversation amongst those who knew the Sinclair family. To this she was always true no matter what distracting circumstances entered into her life. Even when she went to dances where her brother was always her partner, she never permitted the resulting fatigue to divorce her from her regular tribute of love to Our Lady. It was the sanctity of the home, too, which led her through Mary to Jesus, especially to Jesus in the Mass and in the Tabernacle. On Sundays her good father was wont to take her, with others of the children who could go, to a church in the city where the forty hours Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament was being held. On these occasions her attention at prayer was so pronounced that it conveyed the impression of an obliteration of self in the loving and all-embracing presence

In a world of drab materialism it is encouraging to encounter one whose radiant spirituality flung glory around the dreariness of slum-life. Such was Margaret Sinclair, whose spiritual life was solidly founded on prayer and hard work :: :: ::

IN a world of drab and soul-stifling industrialism it is most refreshing and consoling to encounter one whose radiant spirituality flung glory round the dreariness of slum-life and knew the freedom of intimate union with God whilst surrounded by the slavery of materialism. Such was Margaret Sinclair, a child of the Edinburgh poor, who, in a brief career of twenty-five years, left a richer legacy of honour to her native Scotland than ever resided with the noblest who bore her name. Born in 1900 and dying in 1925 after a few years of convent life, her career can be justly considered a luminous example of the sublimity that may be reared on simplicity that is sternly sincere with God through prayer and work.

Her initiation in prayer she received from that great benediction, a home where the things of God were cherished. With a good mother and a father who had all the enthusiasm of a sincere convert to Catholicism,

of God. For this reason, one can well understand why, when this devotion was finished, her childish lips were once heard to exclaim: "I wish it were not so far and I would go by myself." One can also understand why, in return for the graces brought to her through good family influence, she wished to show her special devotion to the Holy Family at Christmas by the recital of one thousand *Aves*.

This prayerful influence of the home continued to manifest itself in impressive fashion in her life when with advancing years she was given greater freedom to mould her spiritual destiny. So great was her desire to hear Mass that neither the severity of the weather nor poor health could keep her from daily attendance at It. On one occasion, when going barefoot to Mass on a cold Sunday morning, her physical condition was such that she fainted. Later on, when working as a French-polisher in a cabinet factory, she spent most of the hour allotted her for dinner and recreation in prayerful communion before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Perhaps it was this marked association of prayer with the sacrificial life of Christ in the Eucharist that influenced her to make prayer a decidedly important feature of her Lenten self-denial. And when the toil of the day was over, the toil of prayer was far from finished, for she was known to spend hours in her room with outstretched arms in communion with God before retiring to rest.

With the prayer of all these hours of freedom from work she was not satisfied. She liked to pursue her labours as far as possible in an atmosphere of union with God. While she worked, her Rosary lay on the bench beside her, doubtless for the purpose of using it whenever an opportunity presented itself. A picture of Our Lady, which she found in a pile of rubbish, she placed in a prominent position in the room where she worked, that the contemplation of her Mother might purify and elevate her activities. And when she was engaged in the loving labour of mending and making altar linens we have it on the testimony of one of the nuns whom she assisted that "when the conversation turned on sacred things, Margaret always listened with a rapt expression, for she loved to hear about the lives of the saints and what they did for God."

In the light of this intimate intermingling of work and prayer we are not surprised to learn that she never undertook anything worth while without previously consulting God about it. Her sister Bella tells us that this reliance of Margaret on prayer as a route towards wisdom from on high was amply rewarded, for her undertakings "nearly always turned out for the best." Thus despite an ignorance of secular knowledge little removed from illiteracy did she manage to acquire a grasp of religious mystery that was quite remarkable.

And so we can well understand how the spirit of prayer which brought her so much peace while in the world was in all likelihood most instrumental in leading her to the haven of peace, the convent, whence she was to greet eternal rest. Clear evidence of the influence of her love of contemplative prayer on her final selection of cloistered repose we can find in the thoughts which the quiet of the countryside during some brief holidays aroused within her. Hungering for the peaceful surroundings which facilitated her meditative approach to God, she went with her sister on vacation to a lonely moorside near Edinburgh. There the undisturbed simplicity of life in a rural cottage and daily Mass and Holy Communion in a modest little church whispered to her heart a distinct call to the greater peace that dwells within convent walls. This call she intimated to her sister when after reciting at a favourite spot by a little stream the Office of Our Blessed Lady, she exclaimed: "How quiet and peaceful it is here, away from the noise and bustle of big cities! What must convent life be like when country life is so happy!"

Turning to another marked feature of her holy life, her spirit of work for the glory of God, we can trace its roots like those of her prayerfulness to her child-

hood days at home. To her precocious conception of home-work as something very sanctifying since the example of the Holy Family at Nazareth, her mother pays tribute in these words: "Margaret was always doing something for me from her youngest days." That this willingness to serve at home was certainly based on a sacred sense of duty was evidenced from the fact that she frequently asked her mother to command instead of requesting her to do things. Furthermore, she sought whenever possible the least pleasant work that her consecration to duty might be all the more unselfishly sublime.

With work inside the home, however, her generous heart was not satisfied. Long before her school days were over she undertook to run messages in a fancy workshop in town that she might help her family, suffering as it was from the pinch of poverty, to make ends meet. Later on in life, not satisfied with a knowledge of sewing and cooking, which won prizes for her during her school days, she went on two evenings of the week to classes for further proficiency in this kind of work. This, too, we must remember, she did after spending long hours at a cabinet factory.

From this splendid sense of duty she would not depart even at the expense of sacrifices that bordered almost on the heroic. We will recount two incidents in her life which finely illustrate this spiritual attitude. During one of her vacations she met a young man who had fallen away from the practice of his Catholic faith. Though by this time she had decided never to marry, she continued for a long period to give this young man the impression, for the sake of his conversion, that she wished to be his wife. She succeeded through this very painful procedure in making him a model Catholic, and only told him that matrimony for her was out of the question when she felt that his conversion was assured. Another sample of her heroic devotion to duty we find in her attitude towards Purgatory. A prayer in her father's book of devotions which asked for the spending of one's Purgatory here rather than hereafter she did not like to use lest the granting of its petition should prevent her through ill-health from doing the work she loved. Thus, with the folly that is the wisdom of the saints did she prefer to seek the mercy of God through the sacrifice of duty rather than the sacrifice of suffering which rendered her incapable of work.

With such a record of work in the world chastened and glorified by pure intention to her credit, we are not surprised to learn that the few years of her life in a Poor Clare Convent were distinguished by a perfect devotion to duty for the love of God. This determination to be an efficient worker actuated by a holy idealism she expresses with simple firmness in the following resolution made at a retreat: "I will endeavour to be diligent, always to try to do all things well, and ever to have a pure intention in what I do." And again: "it is all for Jesus and the salvation of souls. . . . I know Our Lord was pleased with me because I was doing His Holy Will." Thus did this Scotch working-girl find through devotion to duty discovered through prayer to be the Will of God that peace which the world cannot give and which held promise for her of a peace which only God can grant to true and faithful servants.

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For the Canonisation of Blessed Gemma Galgani.

By the special direction of Most Rev. Fr. Titus, C.P., General of the Passionists, our readers are invited to send their offerings towards the Canonisation of Bl. Gemma Galgani. All such offerings will be acknowledged in *The Cross* and will be forwarded to Rome by the Managing Editor. Since the last list, the following sums have been received:—

Anon., 5/-; "Unworthy," 5/-; E. M. C. (Cork), 5/-; E. M. T. (Thurles), 2/6; M. H. (Dublin), 1/-.

Offerings may be sent to The Managing Editor, *The Cross*, Mount Argus, Dublin.

"We Preach Christ Crucified"



"unto them that
are called . . .
the power of God and
the wisdom of God."

1 Cor. I. 25.

NOTE—These two pages, though by no means intended exclusively for members of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion, should be regarded by them as their own special section of *The Cross*.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

XXX.—JESUS EXHORTS THE WEEPING WOMEN OF JERUSALEM.

Jesus now relieved of the weight of the Cross (which Simon carries after Him—Luke, XXIII, 26) continued His toilsome way through the city street. The arrival of His Mother with her sorrowing women friends seems to have had a softening effect on the Centurion and soldiers; for the time they became protective rather than executive. Nevertheless Jesus was in a pitiful condition, weak and stumbling, while perspiration, blood and dust afflicted His face and irritated His eyes.

Now occurs the first free, spontaneous, public act of kindness to Jesus in His Passion. Pilate's wife had indeed already interfered to save Him, but that was secretly: Simon had been forced to carry the Cross; but now, as tradition commemorates at the sixth Station of the Cross, a woman dares the fury of the mob and breaks through the line of soldiers, to lay a cool, damp towel on the heated face of Jesus. Gently and tenderly as any mother or nurse, she wiped the blood and dust from the Holy Face, cleansed and soothed the smarting eyes; and then with a bow of pity and reverence to His Mother, she retired unmolested. That brave act has immortalised her; under the name of Veronica she is known and venerated wherever and whenever the Stations of the Cross are made or recited.

After this, the Way of the Cross led through the city to the Gate of Judgment, from which Calvary could be seen about thirty or forty yards further on. "And there followed Jesus a great multitude of people, and of women who bewailed and lamented Him" (Luke, XXIII, 27).

This touching scene of the women weeping is recorded only by St. Luke, who probably was told of it by Our Blessed Lady herself, who in her own deep sorrow, would be the most likely to notice and remember this token of sympathy.

The presence of these women (who must not be confounded with Our Blessed Lord's Galilean friends), and their public lamentations, shows that there was strong feeling in Our Lord's favour, even in Jerusalem. His powerful enemies had only roused the vicious elements among the irresponsible classes. St. John (XII, 42), assures us: "Many of the chief men also believed in Him, but because of the Pharisees they did not confess Him, that they might not be put out of the Synagogue."

Jesus turned to the weeping women and acknowledging their sympathy, honoured them with advice:

"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over Me; but weep for yourselves and your children. For behold the days shall come, wherein they will say: Blessed are the barren and the wombs that have not borne and the paps that have not given suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains: 'Fall upon us.' And to the hills: 'Cover us.' For if in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry?" (Luke, XXIII, 29-31).

Jesus was not rebuking them for their tears, nor rejecting their sympathy

indeed He honoured them by His notice and warned them in charity. He foresaw the awful doom that would fall upon Jerusalem, which some of these younger matrons with children clinging to their hands, would live to see; when the besieged city after years of famine and starvation would collapse, burying over a million of them in its ruins. And in the destruction would perish their Temple, their sacrifices and their inheritance; and the Jews become exiles and remain strangers apart, wherever they settled.

Jesus warned them that if the Justice of God required from His innocent Son, this suffering and approaching terrible death on the Cross which they were bewailing and lamenting, what would not His Justice require of those for whom He suffered, and by whom He had been rejected, and who, to all their other crimes were now about to add the paralysing sin of Deicide!

Jesus teaches also here, that the crimes of every nation are punished, sooner or later, in time.

Our gracious Lord honoured these women with especial notice. To the woman is entrusted the foundations of the whole structure of human welfare. To the mother it is given to make the first impressions, then later, to nurses and female teachers in the Infant School; it is women's influence that moulds, often unconsciously, the fresh, plastic mind of the child, and forms the character of the future man or woman. This is, or should be, to their honour; but honour has its duties; and if women fail in their high vocation, if through thoughtlessness, carelessness, giddiness, or selfishness, they warp or destroy their influence; through their fault the honour and integrity of manhood may fail. And rather than this, rather than be responsible for the evils that must surely follow, let them pray, let them "begin to say to the mountains: 'Fall upon us.' And to the hills: 'Cover us.' For if in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry?"

Christ cannot be crucified, and retribution, just and terrible, not follow.

THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

*Do we weep for Jesus, rather than for our sins which caused His suffering?
Do we protect our homes, our women and children, from occasions of sin?
Home life demands sacrifice from women; its secret cares are so many crosses.
Our children are what we make them. Tears and prayers have saved many.
Neither tears nor sorrow for Jesus is enough to profit ourselves.
These united and offered for our own sins, merit salvation.*

PRAYER.

O observant and considerate Jesus, rejected by Thine own nation, weakened, condemned, and suffering under the Cross, Thou didst notice and acknowledge the sympathy of onlookers and warn them in charity.

No need to speak to Thy Mother or the loyal friends accompanying her: They had been long with Thee, and were going now to stand by Thee on Calvary, and would remain true to Thee in death and forever after.

These weeping women of Jerusalem were only affected by a passing sorrow; their tears would soon dry, and they would return to their homes and forget.

But still, O suffering Jesus, in Thy gratitude for even such sympathy, Thou didst warn them of greater evils coming upon themselves, and didst advise them how to meet these trials and turn them in a spirit of atonement to their own advantage.

O compassionate Lord grant us tears for our sins and true sorrow for the sufferings of Body, and anguish of Soul they have cost Thee. Admit us among Thy faithful friends; strengthen us not to return again to sin, and save us in eternity from the punishment we have already deserved.

REV. FATHER HUBERT, C.P.

NAMES OF DECEASED.

John Cruden (Father of Rev. Fr. Denis, C.P.), Sister Mary Alphonsus, Sister Patrick Farrell), Elizabeth Flewitt, Florence Bowers, William Conroy, James Fitzsimons, Michael Carolan, Thomas Roberts, Mary Taylor, Lucy Doyle, Mary Boyle, T. P. O'Donoghue, Michael Boylan, Rev. Richard Concannon, C.C.

Winchester Cathedral

MAURICE R. CUSSEN

The visitor to this wonderful church will be amply repaid, for he will see in its historic beauty the glory of those days when its great interior echoed to the solemn chanting of the Benedictine monks, who once occupied its carved choir stalls :: :: :: ::



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL
Choir and Nave, looking West.

low tower and pinnacles, is far from being impressive or majestic, and the charm of the cathedral is to be found in its wonderful interior, the nave alone being 556 feet, and therefore one of the longest in the world. Its vastness, however, takes from its impressiveness, and it can be said to be the least interesting part of the building.

We may refer at once to the magnificent reredos, which has a statue of St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, consecrated in A.D. 852, and the removal of whose body into the cathedral in 1093, was delayed by great rains, and so gave rise to the belief that when rain falls on his feast day, July 15th, it will rain for 40 days.

The reredos dates from the 15th century. Its exquisite detail almost defies description, and the elegance and grace of the statues and other parts are worthy of close examination. The statues include SS. Peter and Paul, the Latin doctors of the Church, St. Benedict, St. Edward the Confessor and St. Edmund. A fine Crucifixion group now occupies the centre of the reredos.

IN Thackeray's well-known novel *Henry Esmond*, we read how Esmond heard the chimes of Winchester Cathedral ringing in the birth of 1703 as he sat in his chamber, by a blazing fire, "looking out from his window towards the City, and the great grey towers of the cathedral lying under the frosty sky, with the keen stars shining above."

This remarkable edifice, perhaps the most famous of the English cathedrals, and one of the largest in the world, is the most interesting sight in the old city of Winchester, and like many other famous churches, has notable Catholic associations. Indeed the most interesting periods in its history belong to the time when it was a Catholic temple, and its chief architectural features also tell of its glory in pre-"Reformation" days.

Wonderful Nave and Reredos.

I recall, as I write, a visit to the cathedral on a September day, when a haze hung over the surrounding trees, bearing the first tints of autumnal beauty, with a pale blue sky overhead. The exterior, with its

The Home of Benedictine Monks.

The cathedral was built on the site of an older church, which dated from 634, in which Edward the Confessor had been crowned in 1042. The new building was consecrated on April 8th, 1093, in the presence of nearly all the Bishops and Abbots of England. Bishop Walkelyn, who carried out the work, also restored the monastery of Benedictine monks, which was completed the same time as the Cathedral.

The entire east end, and the Lady Chapel, were rebuilt by Godfrey De Lucy, in the reign of King John, and the rebuilding of the great nave was commenced by Bishop William de Edington, who died in 1366.

William of Wykeham, who succeeded Bishop de Edington, carried on the work and restored the body of the cathedral in the pointed style of architecture. His chantry on the south side of the nave has been described as "one of the best remaining specimens of a 14th century monument." The stone screen surrounding it is remarkable for its delicate workmanship. The figure of the prelate shows him with his crozier on his shoulder, and his head supported by angels. Wykeham was assisted in his work of restoring the cathedral by the Benedictine prior and monks.

Further additions were made by Bishop Fox, whose chantry is one of the finest in the cathedral, having magnificently-carved niches and tracery, and panelled pinnacles.

Fifteenth Century Choir Stalls.

The choir, which is 135 feet in length, has a wonderful set of carved stalls, a pulpit and episcopal throne. It is enclosed by a stone screen having statues of the Stuart Kings, James I and Charles I. Nearly all the stalls were carved by William Lyngwode, who commenced the work in 1308, and are declared to be the best examples of their time now in England.

The pulpit on the north side of the choir, was presented to the cathedral by Prior Silkestede. The episcopal throne is a very elaborate work, being adorned with carved designs from existing ancient ornaments in the choir and other parts of the cathedral.

It was in this choir, in many of the same stalls now remaining, that the Benedictine monks chanted the Divine Office. By a curious arrangement the seats are so constructed that if one sits heavily on them they glide slightly backwards, and are believed to have been made in this way to prevent the monks from becoming drowsy during the long periods that they were obliged to spend in choir, and at very early hours.

In the north transept is the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, which has mural paintings on the roof and walls, representing scenes from the Life of Christ, including the Nativity, the Annunciation, the Entry into Jerusalem, the Raising of Lazarus, and Our Lord appearing to Mary Magdalene.

The south transept contains the tomb of Bishop Wilberforce (1805-1873), consisting of an elaborate canopy, and underneath a life-size figure with mitre, cope and staff.

In this transept also is the chapel of Prior Silkestede, which contains the tomb of Isaak Walton.

Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, who finished that part of the cathedral which was left uncompleted by William of Wykeham, was a son of John of Ghent, Duke of Lancaster, who crowned Henry VI of England in Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris.

The monument of the Cardinal, who died in 1447, is on the southern side of the presbytery, and consists of a sumptuous canopy with pinnacles resting on eight clusters of pillars, and arches on each side.

The scarlet sculptured figure of the Cardinal rests on an altar tomb, which is richly panelled, with a plate of gilt brass at the back.

Cardinal Beaufort is remembered as having played a prominent part in the condemnation of St. Joan of Arc, a statue of whom is outside the north-west corner of the Lady Chapel, being placed there in 1923.

Another important monument, on the northern side of the presbytery, is that of Bishop Waynflete, who succeeded Beaufort, and at whose enthronement King Henry VI was present.

An important monument also is that of Bishop Gardiner, who died in 1555, and who married Mary I of England and Philip II of Spain in the cathedral.

The Lady Chapel.

Of three chapels enclosed by screens, which are at the eastern end of the cathedral, that in the centre, dedicated to Our Lady, is the most interesting. It was built by Bishop de Lucey originally, and restored later by Priors Hunton and Silkested. On its walls are mural paintings representing miracles wrought through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, executed in 1489. This chapel has now a memorial window to Bishop Thorwold, who died in 1897. The



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL—THE CHOIR.

subjects include scenes in the life of Christ, Pope Honorius, St. Swithin, and other saints. Fine painted glass, of which some fragments remain, filled this window in pre-Reformation days. This is one of three windows in the chapel. The small lights of the east window are filled with stained glass of Henry VIII's time.

The chapels on either side are that of the Guardian Angels and Bishop Langton.

Prelates and Kings.

On top of the choir screen are six painted mortuary chests, which contain the bones of saints and kings of the Saxon period, including the Kings Edmund, Edred, Canute, and also William Rufus, and the Bishops Alyn and Anwulf.

These were originally collected by Bishop Henry de Blois, brother of Stephen, King of England. He is himself buried in front of the High Altar.

The remains were desecrated and thrown without the cathedral by Cromwell's soldiers, but were later recovered.

Besides the monuments already mentioned the most interesting is the tomb of William II (William Rufus) King of England, who was killed while hunting in 1100. The tomb is of grey English marble, but when it was opened in the time of Cromwell, it was found to contain some pieces of gold embroidered cloth,

a large gold ring and a small silver chalice. This gave rise to the belief that an ecclesiastic was buried there.

Jane Austen, the novelist, who died in 1817, is buried in the north aisle, her tomb being marked by a plain slab. On the wall above is a brass plate and a window in memory of her.

A remarkable object in the nave is an ancient Norman baptismal font, consisting of a square block of black marble, supported by a stool and pillars, the whole being adorned with rude sculpture, including a figure of a dove, symbolising the Holy Spirit, also scenes from the life of St. Nicholas of Myra.

Rich Stained Glass.

We may refer briefly to the stained glass of the cathedral. The most ancient is in the eastern window over the altar screen, which portrays Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and SS. Peter and Paul and St. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester. This was erected in the 16th century by Bishop Fox, but was subsequently restored.

The west window is striking, the arrangement being kaleidoscopic, but it also has two circles of early decorated glass.

The other windows of the cathedral—in the chapels, aisles and choir are very rich, and portray chiefly saints and prophets and scenes from their lives, the figures in all cases being very fine. The windows are not, however, numerous enough to relieve the feeling of coldness and lack of colour which pervades the great edifice.

The visitor to this wonderful church will be amply repaid, for he will see in its beauty and its history the glory of the days when its great interior echoed with the solemn chanting of the Benedictine monks, when pilgrims thronged to its shrines, and when devout congregations filled it—a Catholic temple in a Catholic land.

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The Forgotten Road to Grace Dieu

[Grace Dieu was an important Convent of the Canonesses of St. Augustine, established in the twelfth century and suppressed by Henry VIII in 1540. The only remaining vestige is part of the Chapel in the burying ground. The road connecting the Convent with the main roads north and south, is almost obliterated by weeds and undergrowth].

There's an old forgotten roadway, that only God can see,
For ruthless Time has passed that way, and set wild nature free,
And weeds and brushwood mingling there, hide from the gaze of man,
A crumbling pile of moss-grown stones, where once the pathway ran.
Where fruit-trees grew and flourished, crab-apple blossoms bloom,
For fickle nature can but change the pattern in the loom,
And a sadness and a sighing are whispering in the wind,
For a silence and a solitude are all that's left behind.

There's an old forgotten Chapel, and there when day was done,
Down the pathway 'midst the shadows, came the Sisters one by one,
And as they softly told their beads, the voice of prayer was heard,
But now the only prayer is the hushed note of a bird.
And close beside its crumbling walls, two tombstones, old and grey,
Remain to tell a newer age that death must come one day,
But heedlessly the grazing sheep tread where the relics lie,
A mute appeal to animals that know not they must die.

There's an old forgotten Convent lies buried in the past,
A lesson to humanity that only love can last,
Red poppies grow where once it stood, the thistle rears its head,
And what was once the work of man, now mingles with the dead.
So all things pass, and what was great becomes the least of all,
And even man must turn to dust in answer to God's call,
But from the dust he'll rise again, and then his eyes shall see,
A Heavenly Mansion that shall last to all eternity.

There's an old forgotten roadway, that only God can see,
For ruthless Time has passed that way, and set wild nature free,
And weeds and brushwood mingling there, hide from the gaze of man,
A crumbling pile of moss-grown stones, where once the roadway ran.

DOROTHY M. AIKIN.

First Night ~ ~ Overture

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JOHN ST. P. COWELL

It seemed rather ridiculous to him—but after all, mothers were all like that. Perhaps she had good reason to be proud. Or had she? :: :: :: ::

IT had grown dark. Outside could be heard the patter of many feet as the shoppers and business people picked their way homewards through the muddy streets, for it had been raining all day.

Adrian felt an unutterable pleasure in sitting before the bright fire, lost in the comfort of a luxurious arm-chair. The house was empty; they were all out on different errands, but his mother was due back at any moment. She had gone out to procure something for a celebration tea.

It seemed rather ridiculous to Adrian, but after all, mothers were all like that, he supposed. Anyhow, he thought, perhaps she had good reason to be proud. It was not every mother's son who was so successful as he had been . . . and yet . . . perhaps he shouldn't talk of—nay, even think of success.

The possibility of failure tortured him, but he would not dispel it from his mind. Failure must always be considered—for after all it almost went hand in hand with success—people always spoke of the two things in the same breath.

There was his speech. He simply dreaded it. He had thought of it almost constantly for weeks, and here he was now only a few short hours off that crucial moment. He would have to face that vast audience and thank them for their grand reception of his play. Then he would have to thank the actors who had brought his characters to life, and the producer, who had done so much to make the play what it was. And then the . . . and then . . .

Adrian fully decided to himself that by the time he had reached that point he would be stretched on the stage in an apoplectic fit or a dead faint. Why must an audience inflict this torture on an author who had already provided their evening's entertainment? It was their acknowledgment of appreciation, he supposed, and it was expected on every "first night," and he would have to face it, though he felt in his heart, at that moment, that . . . well, maybe it wouldn't be necessary. Perhaps his first play would be a flop.

It had always been a habit of Adrian's to give himself up occasionally to luxurious reflection, and there was no time more suitable for it than just about lamplighting time, when gaunt shadows frisked and played about the walls and did grotesque dances. To-night it was different. His mind was flitting from one thing to another all the while, and his body was alternately becoming hot and cold; one moment he felt faint with heat, and the next he was shivering.

Would it ever be over—this terrible ordeal? Was his first play going to be a success? What would the newspapers say?

Adrian looked back on the hours, days and weeks he had spent in the moulding of the characters which would become flesh and blood to-night. They had been pleasant hours, and they had all been pervaded by a dream of the "first night"—that night of nights for every young playwright. Now the night had arrived and here he was, almost wishing it hadn't.

His musings were cut short by the opening of the front door. It was his mother back again with her "goodies," and Arthur Knight, Adrian's best friend, was with her. He had called to wish Adrian good luck, so his mother had invited Arthur to have tea and to go with the family to the play afterwards. He willingly accepted.

Arthur had been an ideal chum. Adrian knew and trusted nobody else in

the world as he knew and trusted Arthur. They had grown up together and had shared all each others joys and sorrows. But during the last weeks there had been slight differences. At any other time they probably would have counted as nothing, but Adrian's nerves were at tension—and anyway why was Arthur so discouraging? Every time the play was mentioned he sort of gently quashed it and turned the conversation. Surely if managers and producers thought it worth while, it wasn't for Arthur Knight to reject it. Was it jealousy? It could hardly be, for Adrian was not infringing on Arthur's demesne; he was a poet.

Adrian felt that it would have been better if Arthur had kept away that night. It was going to be rather strange with Arthur in a box at the theatre, wearing shabby flannels and tennis shoes. Probably Bohemian—very definitely so. Yet Arthur, with all sensitiveness, did not seem to mind. It added to Adrian's troubles.

The conversation was patchy excepting when Adrian's mother came into the room as she was setting the table for tea. She, poor dear, was in the highest of spirits. Adrian could find nothing suitable about which to talk, and indeed, he did not try very hard. Why should he endeavour to make conversation anyway? To-night all his thoughts were devoted to his first play—that strange phenomena which might, in a few hours' time, make his name famous. It might even, eventually, bring him some money, so much needed by his family.

Adrian felt that if he did speak it would be almost certainly and naturally about his play, and that would only give Arthur a cue for more discouraging remarks. In the circumstances, he felt silence was golden.

The tension was somewhat broken by his younger sister Phyllis dashing into the room with her hat in her hand.

"Oh, Adrian!" she panted, "I thought I should never get here," and she threw her arms round him with pride.

"Why Sissy, I thought you were working late and meeting us at the theatre afterwards?" Adrian didn't understand.

"Yes, I was supposed to, but I simply couldn't settle down to it," she explained, breathlessly, "so I asked off, and the manager said I could go, and I needn't come back to-morrow, so after some further words I went."

"Then you've lost your job?"

"Yes," she said, candidly, and then after a few moments of thought, she added: "but it doesn't matter. To-morrow will be different; you'll be famous and we'll have money."

All this worried Adrian. The fact that all his family were counting so much on the success of his play made him dread the disappointment they would get if it was a flop. Then there was Arthur. There he sat, listening to the conversation and looking perfectly cynical. He was a changed fellow; Adrian could not understand him.

There was a scuffle at the door, and in came Betty, the maid, with Adrian's other sister leaning heavily on her arm.

"What on earth has happened?" cried Phyllis.

"Well, it's like this," explained Betty, to the best of her ability, "as I was coming round the corner I saw her on the foot-board of a tram, and the next thing she jumped off and fell. A crowd of people got round, but I got her home as soon as I could."

"I'm quite all right; it's just my knee. It's scratched a bit. I was in a hurry to get home. Oh Adrian, I'm so excited about to-night."

More of this awful enthusiasm, thought Adrian, and then he said: "Well, mother must be told nothing of these casualties, at least until to-morrow."

It was agreed, and there was a set of pleasant faces as tea went on. Adrian did his best to be normal and sociable with Arthur. The conversation went

merrily, but as far as Adrian was concerned, it did not ring true. His mind was miles away.

"Do you know," remarked Phyllis, "there was a marvellous queue outside the theatre as I came past. All sitting on camp stools. Looked as if they'd been there for hours."

"Isn't that grand?" said his mother warmly, as she gazed proudly at Adrian. He couldn't help feeling that it wasn't too bad. At least it looked as if they were going to have a full house—and perhaps they would receive his play well. Adrian refused to think of it. He was almost bewildered. Everybody was talking, and the wireless was blaring, and in the midst of it all, Betty, the maid, burst in to say the taxi was at the door.

Betty was just as excited as anybody, for she was about to pay her first visit to a theatre—and to see Master Adrian's play at that. It was the time of her life.

By the direction of his mother a toast was drunk to Adrian, after which the back door was locked and the ground-floor windows latched. One by one they passed out to the car, leaving Betty to turn out the lights. She did so, and then disappeared excitedly.

In the deserted room the firelight flickered and lit up the last remnants of a feast of celebration. All round there were signs of jubilation—even the air was filled with music. Betty hadn't turned off the wireless.

* * * * *

The dawn of another day was breaking. Cold, grey light was peeping through the crevices in the shutters. Dimly could be seen two figures—one in the sofa, and one in the arm-chair by the fire-place.

It was Arthur and Adrian. They had decided to wait up for the newspapers, upon which so much depended. As they were put through the letter-box Arthur got up and went to the hall to collect them. He was quite a little time in returning. Adrian was anxious to see the critiques, but he determined to have patience.

At length Arthur returned, having read the critiques. His face betrayed nothing. He only shook his head a little mysteriously as he tossed the newspapers to Adrian. It might have meant anything.

Adrian read several eagerly. One after the other, the same verdict. He felt like one whose life's work was suddenly made futile. He could stand no more. He flung the papers to the other end of the room, and buried his head in his hands—a picture of utter dejection.

It was Arthur who broke the silence.

"They only repeat the opinion which I have held since I first read your play, Adrian. I might have told you long ago, but you. . . ."

"Get out," shouted the distraught Adrian.

"Adrian, please, can't you be reasonable?"

"Leave me now," insisted Adrian. "I never want to see you again."

Arthur quietly left the house.

Adrian lay upon the sofa, lost in the abyss of his misery. Life seemed to hold no more for him. He buried his head in the cushions and sobbed like a child.

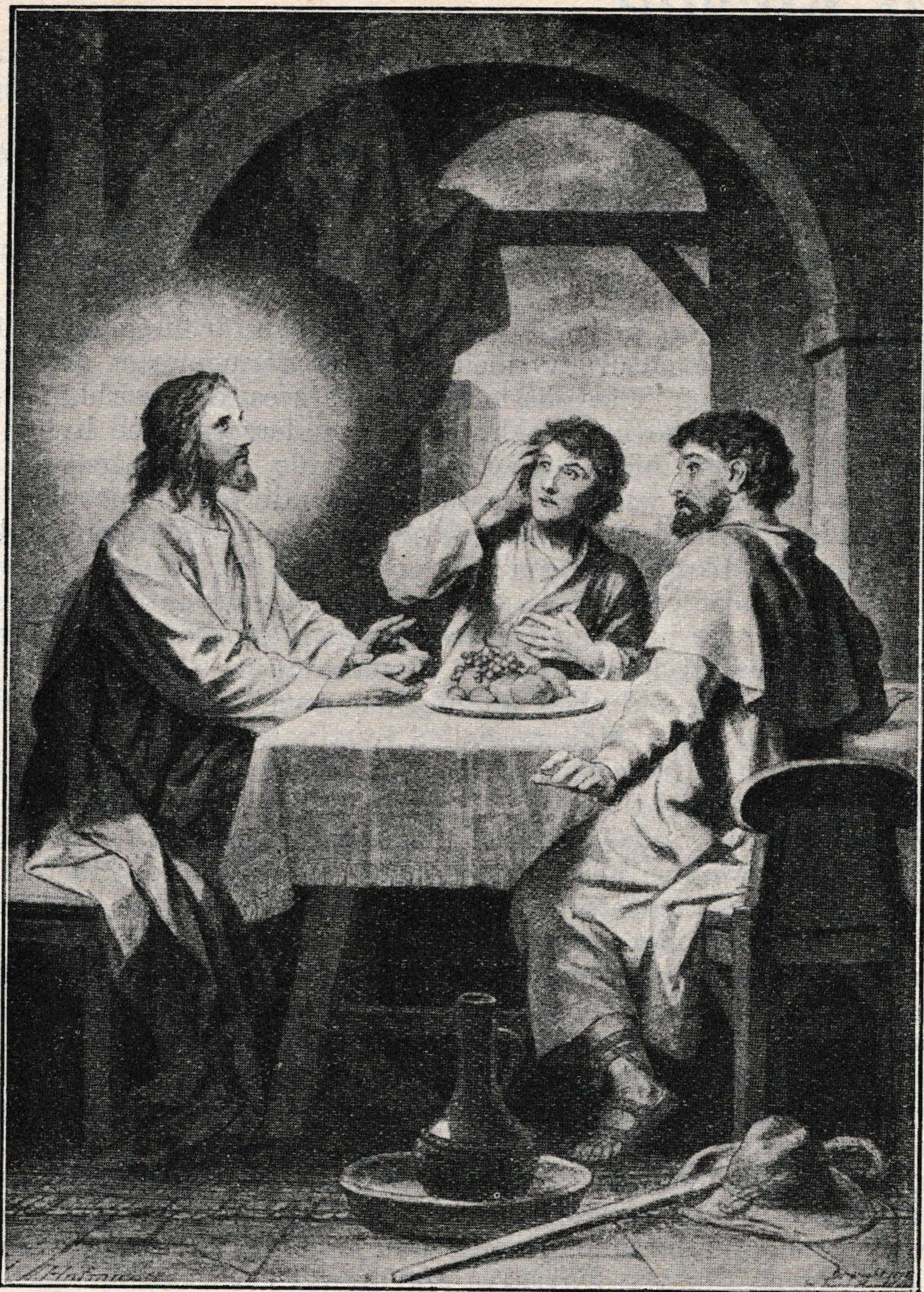
A figure clad in a scarlet dressing-gown came quietly into the room and bent over him. It was his mother.

"Never mind, boy, it's not so bad as it seems. I know how you feel. Don't worry about the newspapers; think of that enthusiastic audience last night. You'll be all right when you've had a cup of tea," and she set off for the kitchen.

"You'll probably have a crowd of callers this morning to congratulate you, Adrian dear. Eh?" she called back.

There was no reply.

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The Supper at Emmaus

From the painting by H. Hoffman.

.....©.....

MANE NOBISCUM DOMINE.

Stay with us Lord, life's way is long and lone
 Dangers and snares on every side appear,
 Only to thee are all our perils known,
 Stay with us Lord, and we shall have no fear;
 Treading life's paths our feet have weary grown
 Comfort and peace from things of earth have flown,
 Yearning we pray to feel Thy Presence near,
 Stay with us Lord, and make our hearts Thine own.
 Stay with us Lord, life's night is closing in,
 Afar from Thee, its darkness means despair,
 Afar from Thee our souls are sore oppressed
 Ah! we are tired of earth's unceasing din,
 Bowed 'neath the weight of anxious toil and care,
 Stay with us Lord, Thy Presence meaneth—Rest.

SISTER M. HUBERT.

Mary Grace:

Her Story

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REV. FR. HERBERT, C.P.

Mission memories are in a class all of their own, and they are full of the unutterable mercies of God. Here is the story of a little flower from the wonderful garden of God.

THIRTY years and more of missionary life spent in far-flung fields of mingled wheat and tares is naturally filled with many memories of all kinds of peoples and places. The missionary surely sees the world, not only in a geographical sense, but he gets to know and understand the living world of humanity in every phase of its existence. In his wanderings—for his is a nomadic calling—he meets with all classes and conditions of people; rich and poor, young and old, learned and unlettered, strong and weak, saint and sinner—all are his clients, and like his patron and prototype, St. Paul, he must become all things to all men. He comes into the closest and most intimate contact with men, and perhaps there is no other profession which affords such an opportunity of gathering experimental knowledge of human nature.

Mission memories are in a class all of their own, and they are full of the unutterable mercies of God. Sinners, called by the world, reprobates, given up as hopeless even by their friends, have been turned in a moment, by a miracle of grace, into angels of light and goodness, and have remained unto the end true and faithful followers of Christ. God's ways are not our ways, and therefore, we marvel and wonder how in the twinkling of an eye He can do what human power and the patience of years could not effect. True, indeed, are the words of St. Paul—Paul may plant, Apollo may water, God gives the increase. The missionary is only the instrument of mercy, for in every conversion we must confess "The finger of God is here." Beautifully apt is this metaphor of the Holy Ghost, because His finger alone can loosen the bonds of sin, and write the words of pardon. As little children in the dark hold the hand of their father so, when we are afraid, do we cling to the Finger of God: It points for us the way and beckons us to Himself.

The memoirs of a missionary, therefore, are and must be quite different from those that can thrill with the story of brave endeavour and personal achievement, crowned with fame and fortune, wealth and honour, the guerdon of worldly success. Our tales are of the highways and byways beaten by the feet of sin, of wayside and hillside trodden by the Good Shepherd seeking the sheep He had lost, of God's garden where the weary wanderer finds rest and his tired soul, refreshed by the fragrance of the flowers of virtue, sleeps in peace. This is a story of a little flower from the garden of God.

Some years ago I was one of the priests appointed to give a mission in a large industrial English town. It is a cosmopolitan place, as the nature of the factories there demands specialized operatives as well as the ordinary workers. The Catholic population was more than usual, mostly Irish, and catered for by four parochial churches. Our mission was in the largest parish. Its Rector was a most zealous pastor, and he asked that one of the missionaries should come the week before the general Mission to conduct one for the children. The lot fell upon me. To write that I was delighted is a feeble expression of my feelings. I have always advocated a real mission for the little lambs of the flock. Sometimes circumstances of place and distance render it impossible, but wherever feasible it ought to be given. The children, by prayer and example, become living little missionaries, and can do far more by their incessant pleadings and urgings to get their elders to the mission than a visit from the missionaries, which must of necessity be hurried and to some extent impersonal. This Mission under

review could not have been more real. Mass in the mornings and sermon—then school ; home to tea, and Mission devotions at 6.0 p.m. No rushing from school of tired, thirsty, troublesome little folk, but a full church of spruce and refreshed young people ready for everything—prayers, sermons, stories, hymns—and greedy for more. I shall never forget the closing scene at their general communion, administered by the priests of the parish, as I was privileged to say the Mass, and afterwards the words spoken to me by the Rector, an unemotional Briton, yet he did not try to hide his tears : “ Never before like this was God loved in my church.”

During the week I paid many a visit to the schools, and I fell in love with Mary Grace. You must wait and listen to the story before you condemn me, because it was all due to the Finger of God. Besides, Mary was only a very small girl—small for her years, and they were ten. Why is it that angels are always depicted as boys when the rude experience of life proves that they have nothing in common? Mary Grace looked like and was an angel. I should like to give a pen-picture of her golden curls, blue eyes and dimples—but one has to be careful not to offend another little lady, a niece of mine, who is not a blonde. The teacher in charge of the class laughed and said to me : “ So you are another.” “ Another ? ” I repeated. “ Yes,” she replied : “ everyone falls in love with Mary Grace. Ask her who is her friend.” I thought just for a second what a delightful name for such a sweet child. “ Well, Mary, who is your friend ? ” With a little smile, she whispered shyly “ Jesus.”

Afterwards the teacher told me the strange story of Mary Grace. “ Will you be surprised to hear Mary Grace is a little pagan ? I often wonder if I ought to baptize her on the quiet.” “ No,” I said, “ I’ll baptize her, but not on the quiet.”—My words sounded to me the echo of another voice. Mary’s mother was a Dublin girl, who got employment in England, fell away from the practice of her religion and went through the form of a marriage mockery with an atheist named, weirdly enough, Grace. The poor, misguided girl was roughly handled about her religion, and called a vile name by someone who should have known better. She swore that her child would have no religion, and she kept her wicked oath. It seemed that the devil entered into the very hearts of her parents, but Jesus made the soul of Mary His very own. Her attendance at the Catholic school was a mystery. “ Why do you want to go there ? ” and her only answer was : “ Jesus told me.” In the end her parents consented with a stern condition and proviso : no religion.

Early in the first week of the big Mission I went to the schools to find out how the young missionaries were working. “ Any child whose parents have not been to the Mission, hold up her hand ” I said, unthinkingly. Looking round, I saw the little hand of Mary Grace. The teacher made my confusion worse when she told me : “ You are now Mary’s second friend.” That afternoon I was in the church ; there were just a few stragglers for confession, and having heard these I was walking up and down the aisle wondering if I had hurt my little friend. Think of an angel and she will come—this is a new and, I think, better version of the old adage. Mary came up to the place where I stood and said : “ Father, my Mammy is a Catholic. I told her about you and that you are a Passionist. She began to cry, and when I asked her what made her cry she said she loved Mount Argus, because she used to walk there in the May processions.” She paused for a minute and then continued : “ Father, Mammy is coming back to God.” “ How do you know, Mary, did she tell you ? ” “ No, Father, Jesus told me.”

The next evening Mary led her mother by the hand to the door of the confessional. Her father, astonished at the conversion of her mother, agreed to have the marriage regularized, and with the requisite dispensations I made them man and wife before God. I baptized Mary, and gave her the well-beloved

Jesus in Holy Communion for the first and last time. She had been ill and feverish even during the children's Mission, but as she had a great work to do she did not complain. When the doctor diagnosed her sickness to be pneumonia, it was too late to save her. On the final Sunday morning of the Mission she died, and in the afternoon I went to bid her good-bye. Robed in her Communion dress, white as the virginal soul that had fled, she seemed what she was in reality, the little Bride of Jesus. The father and mother knelt at the foot of the bed weeping, and my eyes, too, were wet as I looked upon them. But my tears were of gladness and gratitude that God in His mercy had once again chosen "a little child to lead them," her loved ones and His erring ones, back to His Sacred Feet. I stooped down and pressed my lips in reverence to the little waxen fingers that held flowers, symbols of her innocence, and I took one for a keepsake. It is mine still—carefully preserved and cherished as a relic, a little withered snowdrop, my memory of Mary Grace.

Reading over my last words, I feel there is a note of sadness, and perhaps some may think that Mary's death was a divine punishment on her parents like to that visited on David. Indeed, before I left them I sensed that such thoughts were simmering in their minds. So I tried to console them; but here again it was not I, it was Longfellow, whom for some years I had affected to despise, who was the healer, for I told them the beautiful story in the *Golden Legend* of the little girl and the garden of Jesus. Just for a moment I thought I had come into the picture. "Father," said Mrs. Grace, "you have made my husband a Catholic." At last I had something to boast about. But, unfortunately, leaving well alone is not one of my virtues, and two little words, or rather their answers, shattered my illusions. "How?" "Because he likes you." "Why?" "Because Mary loved you." However, I learned the lesson, and I pass it on to my young co-workers in the vineyard:—the only boast of the missionary is that he has nothing to boast about.

Fiat

Sweet Jesus, since Thy Will directs
 My footsteps in the path of shade,
 Oh, give me strength to bear my cross
 With head erect—and unafraid
 To carry it, not drag it, Lord,
 To smile my way through every turn
 Of Life's bewildering labyrinth
 And let my heart forever burn
 With love for You Who gave Your Life
 That I might live. Then let me live;
 Enjoy, not just endure the shade
 And happiness to others give.
 Chin up, smile bright and heart aglow
 With fires of love—Your love and mine—
 Like beams of gold love's light must stray
 And o'er the darkest pathway shine.

N. MAYNARD.

In the Hospital

While lying on my bed of pain
 All sorts of thoughts run through my brain,
 Of home and all whom I hold dear,
 Of patients and the nurses here.

But most of all, I think how I
 Have been so lucky not to die,
 For which I thank Our Blessed Lord
 And ask His blessing on the ward.

P. J. MCGUIGAN.

After the Serm^{on}

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KATHLEEN BROWN

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"It was a wonderful sermon."
Mrs. Boyle's voice was strangely
humble.

"It was! It was, indeed!"
Together the two women left the
church and walked side by side
along the street. But their thoughts
had changed since they entered
the church :: :: :: ::
.....

MRS. BOYLE gasped audibly. That couldn't be Sarah Harker walking ahead. This road led only to one place: St. Peter's Church; and everyone knew Mrs. Harker had not entered a church for ten long years. Mrs. Boyle quickened her step. Sure enough it was her neighbour. This would be that young Mission Father's doing. He had quite a way with him, they said. Oh, well, Mrs. Boyle sighed piously, thank God no one had any need to drag her out to Mass on a Sunday morning. As for Sarah Harker, those who did not know the woman would be thinking she had reformed.

They would be asking Mrs. Harker to join the Women's Guild next. Mrs. Boyle compressed her lips. Not that she wouldn't like to see the woman at church God forbid. But if they thought she was going to be sweet to Sarah Harker, they would find they were mistaken.

When Mrs. Boyle reached the church, Mrs. Harker was standing in the porch. "It is a good thing there is a Mission. She is sober, anyway." If Mrs. Boyle had been speaking, she might have sounded caustic; her sniff was equally as expressive, and her thoughts were certainly not overburdened with charity.

Mrs. Harker turned and glared.

To look at anyone like that inside a church, too. Reverently, Mrs. Boyle crossed herself. She hesitated just for a moment, and then whispered: "Mass is nearly over." She hoped this would elicit some information about the other's appearance at church; but Mrs. Harker was silent.

"But," persisted Mrs. Boyle, "we shall be in time for the sermon wonderful speaker, I hear."

Without answering, Mrs. Harker had opened the inside door and stepped into the aisle.

Mrs. Boyle's little beady eyes followed her. The woman hadn't crossed herself. But what could you expect after an absence of ten years? Mrs. Boyle followed her erring neighbour, who was striding up to the front of the church. The boldness of the woman. She wasn't even looking for a seat at the back. Not that she would have found one: the place was packed.

Father Edmund stood waiting on the Altar until they had found a seat. Mrs. Boyle felt a wee bit flustered. Her eyes were on the floor as she walked up the aisle. Not until she was seated did she glance at the priest. She gave a little start. Well . . . really . . . he was the living image of Pat Harker . . . at least what Pat Harker had been like before his death. Mrs. Boyle would have given a great deal to have been able to turn round and look at Sarah Harker. But she must not forget where she was.

"The Cross was God's way to Heaven; it must be ours." Father Edmund had commenced his sermon.

Mrs. Harker sat looking at the speaker. She hadn't come here to listen. She had only come to look at him. Yesterday, when she had seen him for the first time, she had nearly fainted. He was so like her Pat. Oh, it was cruel cruel of God to have taken Pat away. She had loved him so much. That night he had died, she had prayed so hard, had offered her own life for Pat's

recovery. But he had died. And everything that was good in her had died that night. These fools in church thought she had reformed. Mrs. Harker's lips curled cynically.

Oh, he was like her Pat. He had the same thick, dark hair and fresh complexion. She wondered if his eyes were blue . . . Pat's had been . . . a deep dark blue . . . such nice eyes . . . they had crinkled into little lines when he had laughed.

Against her will, Mrs. Harker was listening to the sermon. He was very intense, this young priest in the black habit with the mission crucifix upon his breast. She watched him throw out his arms and then drop them loosely to his sides. She had seen Pat do that. His voice, too . . . oh, it was Pat she was listening to. It was Pat who was reproaching her for the life she had led. It was Pat who stood before her, preaching.

"Can you not hear the sound of the nails being driven through His pain-clenched Hands? Are you so blind that you cannot see the shudder that goes through His racked Frame as the Cross is raised on high?"

There was quiet in the church.

"Have you no thought for Jesus' suffering Mother as she looks at Her Beloved Son? You, who love with a Mother's love. . . ."

Mrs. Harker sat still. But her thoughts still ran towards her son: "Pat, I never thought there was pain worse than mine."

* * * * *

Only two women were left in the church. They knelt for a long time, praying. When Sarah Harker rose to leave, Mrs. Boyle left her seat. They met in the porch.

"It was a wonderful sermon." Mrs. Boyle's voice was strangely humble.

"It was! It was, indeed! Did you see . . . isn't he like my Pat?"

"Yes, I thought so, too."

Together, the two women left the church and walked side by side along the street.

"All these years," said Mrs. Harker sadly, "I have been trying to forget Pat. I know now, I would have been a lot happier remembering him."

They walked in silence for some time.

"I was just thinking." Mrs. Boyle's voice still held that humble note, "that sermon was not meant for you alone, Sarah, although some people might be saying it was. And when that young priest was speaking I got the feeling that maybe I was not the good Catholic I thought I was. And, Sarah . . ." there was a little pause, "why don't you join the Women's Guild? We need your help a lot. We do indeed."

Did Fr. Edmund know anything about it? Really, I don't think he did.

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The Rainbow

When one lay dying she was wont to say:

"To those I love I send a smile, a kiss."

Now she has wakened to her heaven of bliss

The Land of Youth and Everlasting Day

Where love and friendship never can decay,

Still as she sings the Virgins' song, I wis,

Her tender loving smile we shall not miss

For it beams down upon us on our way.

So we recalling with the passing years

The silent language of her parted lips,

And striving thus to make her speech our own,

Would smile back to her even though through tears

Till we, like John in his Apocalypse,

Behold a rainbow round about God's throne.

M. ST. T.

Serial Story

The Problem Page ~ FRANCES MacBRIDE

CHAPTER VI.—*Sorrow at Quain.*

“AND you tell me your young lady gets paid good money for that? My, my! Giving people advice by letter? Did you know, Maggie, that advice is the easiest thing in the world to give?”

“Ah, well I know it, but it seems to be second nature with us, Susan dear, to ask help from our neighbours, whether or not we take the advice given us.”

Maggie Kennedy was entertaining her one village friend—Susan Gatherly, from the village store. Susan was a widow, slim and good-looking still, with a great “chatty” manner which Maggie enjoyed thoroughly. Susan owned the village store and was reputed to be worth a deal of money; if she was, she believed in taking the good of it. She left the store in the hands of a servant and took her ease when she felt like it, and the store did not suffer, for Susan was too good a business woman to allow that. Only, as she often asked Maggie: “What was the good of being the boss if you couldn’t sit with your hands in your lap when it pleased you?”

Susan had come up to Maggie’s this lovely evening, ostensibly to borrow a crochet pattern, but really to enjoy an hour’s harmless gossip. The beauty of the evening had drawn them to the kitchen porch; the same cause had made Diana choose the little summer-house in the garden to work in. She was busily engaged with the letters when the conversation between Susan and Maggie fell upon her ears. Amused, she at last put down her pen and leaned back, listening unashamedly.

“There’s myself, now,” said Susan, “I have no faith in the advice of other people. No! when I’m in trouble, I dip the Book.”

“Dip the Book?” queried Maggie, puzzled.

Susan pursed her lips wisely. “The good Book,” she affirmed. “I will give you one or two instances of how it

helped me. Years, ago before John Gatherly wed with me, I was courted by a man from the city who seemed a fine, upstanding body, with everything to speak well for him. At that time my father had just died and left me the store and the house, so that I was comfortable, and had no idea of matrimony in my head at all. Well, this soft-spoken one comes along and soon had me fair dithered with his talk of a fine house in the town, and his business, and his money in the bank. When he asked to wed with me, my mind was more than half made up, for I was fair dazzled with the thought of all the great things that I was to be mistress of; but, before taking the step, I did what my dead mother counselled me, and that was, when in a fix, offer up a prayer, and dip the Book. This I did, opened the Book anywhere, and put my finger on a paragraph; and what do you think it was?”

“I haven’t an idea,” confessed Maggie, counting two treble, one double, under her breath.

“An enemy speaketh sweetly with his lips; but in his heart he lieth in wait to throw thee into a pit. . . .”

“God take care of us!” gasped Maggie, “and what did you do?”

“Well!” said bright-eyed, spruce Susan, enjoying to the full the minute sensation she was causing, “since I had no liking to be thrown into a pit, I was a bit careful-like, and the next fair day I shut the store, put on my best bonnet and went off to Paddern by myself; and there I found the things that were hidden from my eyes.”

“What?” asked Maggie.

“One was that my suitor was a married man with a wife and three little babies; the other was that there were already two women whom he had robbed of their life savings by just the same tricks he was trying on me. I was to be the third victim, but I was saved by the Book.”

“How glad you must have been,”

said Maggie, "and did the Book ever guide you again?"

"Oh, yes, there was another time, too. It was after I was left a widow woman, and a poor soul came in one day and asked if I could give her board and lodging in return for her work. She was not fit to stand, and I was sorry for her, but the first happening had made me suspicious of everyone, so before taking her to my house and home I dipped the Book as before. The bit I lit on was this: 'When thou shalt satisfy the afflicted soul, The Lord will give thee rest continually, and will fill thee with brightness; thou shalt be as a watered garden and a fountain whose waters fail not. . . .'"

"And so you took her in?" asked Maggie quietly.

"I did, and never regretted it. Poor Anne Summers helped to make my store what it is this day," said Susan. "You ought to dip the Book, Maggie, when you are in perplexity; not of course, on the least excuse, for that would be tempting the good Lord, but when you are in trouble, dip the Book."

"When I have a trouble, big or small on my mind," said Maggie, "I go to Someone ready to receive me and willing to relieve me when He sees fit; and He doesn't live so far from where we are sitting now, Susan dear."

DIANA could sense the blankness on Susan's face. She herself waited in a kind of tense expectancy, hoping Maggie would go on. She did.

"You see, Susan, I am a Catholic, and I believe that Christ, the Son of God, and Son of Our Blessed Lady, died to save me and all poor sinners. Not only did He die for me, but He rose again from the grave, and still lives—lives, mark you, in every Catholic church, big or small, which has a consecrated Host. When He came first, He came as a darling little Baby, weak and helpless, that we might be drawn to Him by His very weakness; and now He lives for us day and night in His tabernacle prison under the form of bread, that He might not frighten

us away by the might of His real majesty."

"Oh, I know all that," said Susan. "Don't I read the Book from cover to cover? Yet as to believing He is in your church like a little piece of bread—well——"

"You read the Book from cover to cover, eh? Well, then, you must have come across the passages where He tells us in His own words about the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, as we Catholics call it. You know, where He says: 'I will not leave you orphans,' and again: 'Unless you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you.' And at the Last Supper, what could be plainer than the way He said, lifting the bread and wine: 'This is My Body, this is My Blood.' Don't you remember that, Susan?"

"Oh, yes, I remember, but then I have always thought the Lord was talking in a spiritual kind of way. You Catholics are so serious about things, and then you take a lot of His sayings and put your own meaning into them. I couldn't believe the Lord would hide under a little piece of bread, the idea is too absurd," said Susan, argumentatively, yet quite good-naturedly.

"You know, Susan dear, that was the very thing the Jews said when Our Lord told them about the Blessed Sacrament. They said: 'How can this Man give us his Flesh to eat?' Yet, you that's such a great reader of the Book will bear me out that Our Lord used very simple direct language when He gave us this Gift. Even you cannot say we Catholics put our own meanings into them."

"And that's where you go when trouble is at your door, Maggie? Into that little chapel there by the lane where you believe the Lord lives?"

"That is right, Susan. He's there, and the fact I know He is there gives me the grandest, bravest feeling you ever knew. I can't always be in the chapel, much as I'd like to; but often I think about Him being there, when I'm washing dishes or baking bread,

and do you know it puts new life into me?"

"It must be real comforting to you, Maggie," and there was a kind of unwilling envy in Susan's tones. "Now if I could just believe He was there—but I can't."

"Faith is God's own most good gift, Susan, and He gives it to whom He wills," said Maggie. "Mercy on us all, the woman—ah, she's fainted!"

THE cry was so sudden, that Diana, listening in the arbor, sat there petrified. When she got to the door she saw Maggie trying to lift the form of a woman from the flagged path just inside the gate. "Susan," she was calling, "Susan, help me, will you? Ah, Miss Diana, you there? Pull out the couch in the living room, there's a good girl! Ah, you poor creature! No wonder she fainted, Miss. Sure, there's not a pick on her, not enough to make a meal for a bullfinch! Careful now, Susan, dear, mind her head against that door. Pull off her shoes. Miss Diana, will you bring water and a towel?"

Diana looked with interest at the young woman who lay on the couch in her living-room, inert, helpless, as though dead. Her shoes, which Susan had pulled off, were absolute wrecks, one having a large hole in the sole. Her black coat and dress were of good cut but hopelessly worn and darned, and her hat might have been in good style about six years previously. Her face was long and thin, with the curiously sad expression unconsciousness gives, and her hair had once been golden, but was faded now and white over the temples. A thin wedding-ring gleamed from the third finger of her left hand. Cautiously, Maggie and Susan worked with her, bathing her forehead and ears, patting the limp hands. Very slowly animation returned, though not a vestige of colour returned to the pale cheeks. The eyelids flickered and rose and fell. Nostrils twitched, and her breathing grew more rapid. At last, as though terribly reluctant, she opened her eyes.

"Don't be frightened child," said Maggie, soothingly. "You're all right here, we will take care of you."

The eyes closed again. She gave no sign that she had heard the kind words.

"Miss Diana, dear, I think it would be wise to phone for the doctor. She looks so weak, this seems no ordinary faint. Susan and I will make her comfortable in the little bedroom."

Diana smiled at Maggie's autocratic control of the situation. She had not asked permission to accommodate the sick woman in Quain, she had evidently taken it for granted that Diana's heart was as large as her own. When Diana came back from the telephone, the stranger was already between the sheets in the small bedroom next to Maggie's.

Twenty minutes later the doctor arrived and was in the sick-room another twenty. He came out, looking rather worried, and spoke to Diana.

"Do you know who she is; where she came from?" he asked.

"No," replied Diana. "My housekeeper was sitting at the kitchen door with a friend, when the woman came in at the gate and just collapsed, almost at her feet. I think she was about to ask help."

"I can't say accurately at this stage, but she looks to me as though she has sustained a very great shock. She has not eaten for days, and is exhausted, possibly through a great deal of walking. She is even now barely conscious. I'm worried about her—well, because she ought to be in hospital where she can have skilled nursing; and yet I'm afraid to move her lest it should have grave, not to say fatal results."

"Then why move her, Doctor?" Diana asked. "Can't she stay here? There's room enough and to spare, my housekeeper is an efficient woman, and I could easily have a nurse."

"That's most kind of you, Miss Stainsforth. It will put you to some inconvenience having a sick woman in the house, but believe me, your kindness will bring due reward. I have left instructions with your housekeeper, who indeed, seems a very efficient, sensible woman, and I shall call again

early to-morrow. Good-night, Miss Stainsforth."

"She looks a poor weak creature," she heard Maggie saying, "for her to come through such trials."

"I'm half afraid of her, Maggie Kennedy," said Susan. "She doesn't look human to me—and remember that this is Midsummer Eve!"

"Susan Gatherly, will you have sense? Go home and get some sleep now, like a good woman. I may want you to sit up nights in the near future."

"I was never one to refuse a neighbour in distress, Maggie, as long as the good Lord gives me strength. Call me when you want me and I'll come."

Maggie came out and locked up, an enigmatical smile on her face and an unaccustomed peace on her busy tongue. Diana went upstairs and sat down by her open corner window. Cool and sweet the evening air stole in, bringing a fragrance from the night-scented stock in the garden below. The curious stillness of midsummer lay over down and lea and field where the great moon daisies stood white like foam on restless waters. It was as though this quiet world awaited something. Diana liked to imagine it as the moment when seed became fruit in the rich dark earth. She did not think about the strange woman who had fainted on her doorstep, but of the talk between Susan and Maggie which her coming had interrupted.

SOMEHOW Maggie's words would not leave her mind. She had known in a vague, aloof way, that her housekeeper was a Catholic, for she knew she rose early on Sunday mornings to go to a service in the little church at an hour when most people were turning over in their warm beds for a "second sleep." If she had thought of Catholicism before it had been in an amused, tolerant way, as one would at a mild form of lunacy. She had been well grounded in the modern attitude towards belief of any kind. Religion was all right for children and women of unbalanced natures, and those to whom it appeared to give a very comfortable living; it was certainly

not for sane, reasonable, thinking people out to get the very most out of the fleeting hours of life.

Now for the first time she was hearing things about the Catholic faith that were new and strange. She could not brand sane, sensible Maggie as either unbalanced or hysterical, or think her religious because she had nothing better to do with her time. Maggie Kennedy was one of the most steady, cheerful, thoroughly human creatures it had been her joy to know, and yet this evening in the kitchen porch she had given speech to some very strange things, in simple, straightforward language. She believed that the God of Heaven and earth, Who had died a most shameful death on Calvary, lived in every Catholic church up and down the land, under the form of a little piece of bread. Why, the idea was stupendous, overwhelming! Yet Maggie had said very quietly, and at the same time so sincerely: "I know He is there, and the fact I know He is there gives me the grandest, bravest feeling you ever knew." What immense faith was necessary to credit something that made a human brain reel? Yet Maggie had not appeared to be overawed or afraid of such majesty. Rather, she seemed to be on very intimate terms with this same God, and could speak of Him as one friend to another, without a thought of self. On the other hand, Susan Gatherly was not a Catholic, yet seemed to get spiritual comfort from Bible-dipping, but of the two, Maggie's way seemed more natural, and so much more simple.

A loneliness came upon her, the deep, pain-wrung loneliness of the Godless, a feeling that no other human being cared what became of her—that she was but a leaf in the wind tossed hither and thither by a relentless fate. The thought was so terrifying that she rose from her chair, paced the room a moment, and decided to go to bed.

ALL the night long she lay tossing restlessly, and at last, fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. She had the feeling she had been in bed only a few

moments when she opened her eyes and saw Maggie standing by her side with a cup of tea. She looked at the window and saw, that though the grey, unearthly light was giving place to the gold of dawn, no bird was as yet stirring the silence with his song.

"You are very early this morning, Maggie," she said.

"I am a bit, Miss, but then I've been up all night, and I couldn't wait any longer for a cup of tea. I thought I'd share it, and the good news with you."

"What good news?" asked Diana, taking her cup from the tray.

"Why, Miss Diana, darling, the news that at half-past two this morning, a little boy was born to the poor woman who came to our door last night."

Only a very adroit movement saved Diana's cup.

"Maggie," she said, weakly: "Am I awake? Sit down calmly, and tell me. A child born here during the night? Who was there?"

"Nobody, Miss Diana, but God and her and I. Indeed, it was better so, for there was no fuss at all. The doctor came when it was all over, and said I had handled the case well. The child was comfortable, but the mother—" Maggie's pause was eloquent.

"Is she very ill, Maggie?"

"She is about as bad as she can be, Miss Diana, and that's telling you the truth. Weak as water, with no fight left in her, if you know what I mean. Would you credit it, when I tell you not a single word has passed her lips since she came?"

"She looked terribly worn out, Maggie. Who is with her now? I had better rise now, and see to things and let you get some sleep."

"Don't fret yourself, Miss Diana, the nurse is there now. I'm going to lie down as soon as I get your breakfast."

"Go now, Maggie, this minute! Good gracious, I can get what I want from the pantry! Do you think I'm utterly helpless in the face of this upheaval?"

"No indeed, Miss Diana," laughed Maggie. "Seriously, now this is going

to upset our routine very much. Perhaps it might be wise to summon an ambulance and have her moved to the Cottage Hospital at Pantegg?"

"The doctor told me last night it would be dangerous to move her, as she is so weak. She will stay here, Maggie, and the baby too, until she is able to be up and about. It will shake us up a bit, rouse us out of ourselves, and that's fine for people once in a while, isn't it, Maggie?"

"As long as it doesn't interfere with your work, Miss Diana. I shall certainly do my best to keep things as usual, and the baby as meek as a mouse!"

"I shall get another maid, Maggie, for it is unfair to expect you to run the house and look after the strangers too."

"Oh, I don't mind at all, Miss Diana. Somehow, I should like to do more than my best for that poor woman downstairs. She looks so helpless and unhappy, and yet so patient, that it fair stirs the heart out of my breast the way she follows me with her great eyes. Well, I'll run along, Miss Diana. If the butcher calls, tell him the order is on the kitchen dresser."

As soon as Maggie had gone, Diana arose. It was impossible to lie there quietly after such news. She dressed and breakfasted very satisfactorily off a slice of toast and some orange juice. She went into the garden and looked at the rose-tree she had planted and watched through the months with jealous care. On this fair mid-summer morning she saw that her very own tree had blossomed overnight, and three blood-red buds were unfolding their fragrant beauty to the morning. Without any compunction, she cut and gathered them and arranged them in a cut-glass bowl. She carried them to the little room which was now a nursery and placed them on the table by the bed. The nurse put a warning finger to lip, but Diana did not linger. She made sure that the roses were the first things the woman would see when she opened her eyes: and going quietly from the room, shut the door with infinite care.

Next Month: Chapter VII.—*Search.*

Passionist Notes and News

ENGLAND.

The Cause of Father Charles.

By virtue of special faculties granted by the Sacred Congregation of Rites to His Lordship Rt. Rev. Dr. Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, an Apostolic Process to investigate the life, virtues and miracles of the Servant of God, Father Charles, was opened on April 20th at the Passionist Retreat, Herne Bay, Kent. Two witnesses, who on account of illness had been unable to attend the Ecclesiastical Court at present holding its sessions in Dublin, were examined. His Lordship the Bishop of Southwark appointed Rt. Rev. Aidan Taylor, M.A., O.S.B., as Judge delegate to preside at the enquiry. The Sub-promoter was Very Rev. Leo Williams, D.Ph., O.S.B., and the Notary was Very Rev. Romanos Rios, O.S.B. Rev. Fr. Gerald, C.P., Mount Argus, the Vice-Postulator of the Cause was also present.

Chapel of St. Paul of the Cross.

The Irish Civic Guards have contributed a donation of £370 towards the erection of the chapel of St. Paul of the Cross in the new metropolitan cathedral at Liverpool. The Catholic members of the Royal Ulster Constabulary have also contributed, and the London Police Guild have promised their assistance. The Liverpool Catholic Police, whose official patron is St. Paul of the Cross, have already contributed over £1,000 towards the chapel. The fund for the proposed chapel is now £6,820.

IRELAND.

Radio Address on Passionists' Founder.

To mark the feast of St. Paul of the Cross, the Saorstát broadcasting authorities invited Rev. Fr. Edmund, C.P., Managing Editor of *The Cross* to deliver a talk on the work of

the Saint and his Congregation. The address was broadcast by Radio Athlone on April 28th, and was heard with pleasure by friends of the Passionists in widely distant places. Many letters of appreciation being received from various parts of Great Britain and Ireland.

ITALY.

Cause of Ven. Fr. Dominic.

We are happy to announce that the Cause of Ven. Dominic is making unusually rapid progress. Only two days after the S. Congregation of Rites had met to discuss the heroicity of his virtues, the Holy Father received in audience Mgr. Salvatore Natucci, Promoter of the Faith, and communicated to him his decision in favour of the heroic virtues of Ven. Dominic. On Pentecost Sunday, May 16, the decree was publicly read before the Holy Father at his summer residence of Castel Gandolfo.

The next step in the cause will be the examination of the miracles proposed, and if they be accepted by the Congregation of Rites and later approved by the Holy Father the day of beatification will not be far off.

Capitular Fathers at Papal Audience.

The Capitular Fathers assembled at Rome for the thirty-third General Chapter of the Passionists travelled to Castel Gandolfo for a special Papal audience on Wednesday, May 19th. The Holy Father delivered a brief allocution and imparted the apostolic blessing. He was especially moved by the presence of several Passionists from the Basque Provinces, who at considerable personal risk, travelled to Rome to participate in the deliberations of the Chapter. The results of the Chapter elections will be found on another page of this month's issue.

CORRESPONDENCE

BELFAST, 30th April, 1937.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,

I enclose a cutting from the *Belfast Telegraph* of January, 1931, which may interest the inquirer about the patron Saint of typists. Here at least is a patron for *Shorthand* typists, which most typists are. I suppose this selection of patron was made by the commercial branch of the Jocists, and I suppose they could give further information as to feast day, etc., of St. Genes. The *Belfast Telegraph* is a non-Catholic paper which accounts for the wording of the cutting.

Thanking you for the interesting "Question-Box."

Yours truly,

(MISS) JEAN McDADE.

"PATRON SAINT OF TYPISTS: FRENCH GIRLS MAKE SELECTION.

The pretty little French typists have now chosen a patron saint. Every profession in France has its patron, whose day it faithfully remembers.

The motorist has chosen St. Christopher. St. Fiacre was the favourite of the old-time cabby; but it is to be feared that before many moons the good saint will have nothing more to do. The artillerymen prefer their St. Barbe, and the little midinettes love no one as much as their Saint Catherine, whom they worship on November 25.

And now the *shorthand-typists* have found a certain St. Genes, who, living in the third century, earned his bread and butter as a public writer, taking down speeches in a special kind of shorthand. He refused to take notes of sentences of death passed on Christians, and was beheaded."

Our Question Box: : Answers to our Readers' Queries.

"Teach me goodness, discipline and knowledge."—Ps. cxviii., 66.

ABOUT VOCATION.

Would you advise a girl to become a Sister at an early age?—"Mary" (Dublin).

Surely; if possible, as soon as Church law permits: that is, you may enter the novitiate after the fifteenth year is completed. And you may go to the convent as postulant even sooner. Holy Scripture says: "It is good for a man when he hath borne the yoke from his youth." St. Anselm compares those who enter religion young to angels. But will you not regret it afterwards when it is too late? That rarely happens. Of course, what may seem to be the most certain of things sometimes fail. In the matter of Religious Life, it is only necessary to exercise proper vigilance and prudence.

BIRTH-CONTROL AND DIVORCE.

Can you give any statistics which will prove that the practice of birth-control by so many people to-day has any influence on the ever-increasing number of divorces?—C.W.L. (London).

That there is a close relationship between birth-control and divorce is proved by Dr. Alfred, of Columbia University, who recently published the following approximate statistics: Sixty-two per cent. of all divorces in the United States are granted to couples who have no children; twenty-four per cent. are obtained by the parents of only one child; eight per cent. are granted to parents of only two children; only three per cent. to parents of three children; about one and three-quarters per cent. to parents of four children; and about one and a quarter per cent. to parents of five or more children. From these figures, only one inference can be gleaned: that children are not only a binding tie between husband and wife, not only intensify their mutual love, but bring greater happiness into the home. Those persons who practise birth-control and refuse to have any children obtain by far the greatest percentage of divorces granted. Therefore, we can assume that birth-control does have a great "influence on the ever-increasing number of divorces."

DOUBT ABOUT CONFESSION.

If, when going to confession, you intend and wish to confess all your sins, and if, after confession there are some mortal sins about which you have a doubt in that you cannot remember whether you confessed them or not, what should you do?—"Much Troubled" (Dublin).

As the question stands, you either confessed those mortal sins or you did not. If you did, they are forgiven; and if you did not, they are likewise forgiven, because they were honestly forgotten, and mortal sins thus forgotten are all remitted by sacramental absolution. Such is the teaching of the Church. St. Alphonsus di Ligouri says: "He, who, after confession, remembers some sin omitted through forgetfulness, is not

bound to confess before communicating. It suffices for him to declare it in his next confession."

But if you do not know whether you confessed them or not—what then? You are not *obliged* to confess them; but it might be well to repeat your confession for the sake of your peace of mind, unless you are scrupulous and would thereby add anxiety to anxiety, in which case you should forget all about the matter and rest assured that all is well.

GRANTING INDULGENCES.

Who gave power to the Popes to grant indulgences? How can they judge how much prayer is required for the entire or partial remission of temporal punishment due to sin?—"A Non-Catholic Reader" (Co. Tyrone).

The Pope has the power to grant indulgences because he is the successor of St. Peter to whom, and to his lawful successors as Head of the Church, Christ gave the power when He said: "Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven."

The Pope does not judge how much prayer is required for the remission of the temporal punishment due to sin. There are two kinds of indulgences: partial and plenary. A partial indulgence may (according to the spiritual circumstances of the person who gains the indulgence) remit the whole or only a part of the punishment due. One partial indulgence may suffice, or many may be required. But a plenary indulgence remits the whole of the temporal punishment no matter how great it may be.

IMMODEST PICTURES.

Is it a sin when one is seeing immodest pictures at a "movie," but trying to avoid seeing them and trying to banish sinful thoughts from the mind?—"Picturegoer" (Dublin).

No; it is not a sin, since no consent is given to the temptation. Indeed, you act in quite the proper way when these suggestive scenes suddenly turn up—and how few are the motion pictures where, in one form or other, they do not turn up! But why court danger in this way? Why attend such movies at all? If eighty per cent. of the movies shown are not fit for children to see, how many are fit for anybody to see? Guard the treasure of holy purity; it is worth any and every sacrifice and deprivation. And we know that the concupiscence of the eyes, or want of watchfulness over them, has been the cause of thousands of deplorable falls.

PERSONAL REPLIES.

M. O'D. (Dublin).—In our opinion the prayer is spurious. The extravagant promises made to those who recite it or carry it on their persons savour of superstition.

A. D. (Lisburn).—Communicate with the Rev. Director, Archconfraternity of the Passion, Holy Cross, Ardoyne, Belfast.

Book Reviews

CHRIST AND LITTLENESS. By Rev. James F. Cassidy, B.A. New York: Benziger Bros. Pp. 150. Price 1 dollar 50 cents.

Megalomania is the heresy of the modern world. Human achievement is exalted above the stars, and once again man has given expression to Lucifer's battle-cry: "I will be like unto God." Our Holy Father the Pope, in a recent encyclical, has deplored this tendency in man to usurp the prerogatives of the Divinity; a usurpation which is intended to establish man's self-sufficiency and absolve him from paying homage to any higher power. Politically, socially and intellectually the world is denying its dependence upon God by proclaiming itself as the source of all power, religion and wisdom.

The antidote is to be found in the *Littleness of Christ*. "The war," writes Fr. Cassidy, "He started at Bethlehem against the hollow magnitudes of man. He willed to endure until the end of time. He wished that the peace, beauty and tenderness wreathing His lowly cot should forever defy the strife of the proud, the ugliness of might and the harsh tyranny of unyielding natures. Thus He did and would glorify the vision of love eternal, making majesty in meekness subdue the proud, towering hate of men. Thus He willed to preach the supremacy of the wisdom of little ones over the sophisticated folly of the intelligentsia." This short extract shows the idea behind Fr. Cassidy's book. He has taken the Gospel story, stripped it of all incidentals and re-dressed it in the swaddlings of littleness. He shows how the whole life of Christ was permeated with the spirit of sublime humility. Bethlehem, Nazareth and Calvary are its public manifestations. Mary is chosen to Divine Motherhood, because God regarded the humility of His Handmaid. The Apostles are selected from amongst the humble of the land. The Sermon on the Mount is in praise of the lowly. Miracles are wrought because men had faith in Him and acknowledged their own littleness. The self-confessed humility of man is the only way of entering into the heart of God. "Unless you become as little children you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Fr. Cassidy's pages command attention. Clear thought and fine writing make his book well worth reading. His plea for humility and the practice of the attendant virtues of meekness, docility, poverty and self-abasement, if listened to, will mean for the sincere reader a sure way out of the complexities of modern life and the finding of perfect content in the simplicity of the Littleness of Christ.

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THE NEWMAN BOOK OF RELIGION.

Edited by Rev. Aloysius Ambruzzi, S.J.
London: Messrs. George E. Coldwell.
Pp. 191. Price 3s. 6d.

The works of Cardinal Newman have always been ranked among the great spiritual

classics. His sermons and devotional treatises, together with the famous *Apologia* and *Grammar of Assent* still continue popular even among those outside the Church. The casual reader, however, is inclined to be frightened by his erudition, and neglects him for lighter reading. There is a movement on foot to-day to popularise Newman, and to entice all classes to enjoy the beauties of his wonderful style and the freshness of his spiritual teachings. Some time ago a Newman synthesis was published, which received a great welcome, and we are sure that the present little volume will share the same reception. It is a complete summary of Apologetics and Christian doctrine gathered together in extracts from the voluminous writings of the great Cardinal. Fr. Ambruzzi has arranged them in logical sequence so that the unity of idea is preserved throughout. The first part contains fourteen chapters on God, Revelation, The Messiah, The Church, etc. The second part, in ten chapters, deals among other things with Faith, The Incarnation, Redemption, Grace, The Last Things. The immediate object of the book will be to furnish the reader with an elegant and well-written summary of his religion, but once having tasted the beauties of Newman he will be encouraged to read his works for himself in full. These objects we hope will be attained, so that we may be able to give a well-founded reason for the Faith that is in us.

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BOOKS ON THE PASSION.

The Stations of the Cross. By Claude H. Williamson. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. 63. Price 1s. 6d. (paper), 2s. 6d. (cloth).

The Last Words from the Cross. By Edwin Essex, O.P. (The Same). Wrapper, 1s.

The first of these two small booklets on the Passion deals in a unique manner with the Stations of the Cross. The history of the Way of the Cross is told in a short introduction, the main contents of the book are reflections on the various scenes. Each reflection is composed of some verses of poetry culled from the works of the ancient and modern poets, having some bearing on the Station under consideration. There follows a brief description of the Station and the lessons it teaches for use in our daily lives. The blend of poetry, description and practical application will make this little book very useful in making the Stations of the Cross, and will give new impetus and meaning to our devotion.

Fr. Edwin Essex has given us the expanded notes of seven sermons which he preached on the Last Words. They are concise and pithy, containing much matter for thoughtful reflection. The book is of small prayer-book size, and could be read with much fruit in making visits to the Blessed Sacrament, in union with the Passion of Jesus.



The Guild of St. Gabriel

A Literary Circle for Young Readers
of "The Cross."

Conducted by Francis.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle : open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.

II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.

III. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of St. Gabriel.

RADIANT June, the month of the Sacred Heart, is with us once more, and all nature is looking its loveliest, while the mellow sunlight shines brilliantly down upon the world, caressingly, like a blessing from the gentle Heart of Jesus.

"Thanks be to Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus

For all Thy blessings, all Thy gifts of grace,

For all the favours Thou hast showered upon us,

Throughout our lives in every time and place."

Junetide! How beautiful it is, with its myriad blossoms and the tall trees, verdant and rich, in their full leafy glory. Everywhere in the countryside, in gardens and lawns and clustering by the walls, the roses are rioting with joy. White and crimson, they speak to us of purity, of beauty and the infinite goodness of God, while the fragrance of their incense uplifts us and helps us to meditate on the glories that are eternal. In the month of June, specially devoted to the Sacred Heart, let us pray with renewed fervour for all our needs, and ask Jesus to make us more worthy of His love and mercy, and to keep us ever faithful to the Heart that bled for all mankind.

MY POST BAG.

This month my post bag is packed to the brim, and truly I am the happiest *Francis* in all the world. How I love the letters of my boys and girls, how I rejoice in their kindly greetings and their sweet friendship! From *St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham*, comes a big shoal of lovely little letters, full of happiness and the fragrance of childhood. Just beside me is a long, interesting letter from *JOAN SPINK*. I pray that God will make her quite well again. She has had a lot of suffering; poor, wee, lass. Joan is most warmly welcome to our Guild. Now that she is one of St. Gabriel's children she may

be sure he will intercede for her recovery. It is marvellous what a number of Guild members in *St. Gerard's* have been restored to health. Joan tells me little *MURIEL BRINE* has gone home completely cured! Let us thank God for His goodness to little Muriel. Do write soon again, Joan. Welcome also to *NORMA DEVEY*. I hope the Guild will brighten all her days with gladness. *BETTY FLOYD's* paintings are very good. Her blossoms bring the springtide and summer into my dingy den. Congratulations on your recovery, *JOHN FULLER*. I admire your drawing and painting. The spray of sweet pea is well done. I expect you will be a great artist one day. "I want to thank you for the lovely book I have received," says *PETER SWALES*. I am glad Peter found pleasure in his prize. Four little girls: *WINNIE WALPOLE*, *M. YEARS*, *S. NEALE* and *MARGARET RIDLEY*, are heartily welcome to the garden of St. Gabriel's Guild, where many joys await them.

LETTERS FROM PRIZE WINNERS.

From the *Convent of Mercy, Swinford*, comes a charming little note of thanks from *LENA NEARY* for her prize. I hope Lena's prize has given her encouragement and that we shall often see her name in the list of successful competitors. *JOAN MCCARTHY* is also happy over her prize-winning. She is a lucky *cailin*,

IMPORTANT.

(1) Newcomers will please write a personal note to *Francis*, apart from their competition paper, asking for admission to the Guild.

(2) A Badge of St. Gabriel will be awarded to each member who enrolls Five new members.

(3) Put your name, address and age on the COMPETITION PAPER; enclose the Guild Coupon, and see that the correct amount of postage is paid.

(4) Address your letters to: "*Francis*," Guild of St. Gabriel, THE CROSS, Mount Argus, Dublin.

